



# THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION  
DEVOTED TO BORDER HISTORY

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y.

No. 52.

Price, Five Cents.

## BUFFALO BILL'S BOY PARD

TRAINING THE BUCKSKIN BOY

JAS. McKERNAN'S Cigar, Tobacco

OLD AND NEW BOOKS AND

862 WEST ADAMS ST. NEAR MORRIS

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CHICAGO ILL.



BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"THE BUFFALO BILL"

"MY GOD! WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE?" ASKED THE DEAD SHOT SCOUT. "ALL I LOVED, SIR, WERE MASSACRED HERE LAST NIGHT,"  
SADLY REPLIED THE BOY IN BUCKSKIN.





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No. 52.

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Price Five Cents.

## BUFFALO BILL'S BOY PARD;

OR,

## Training the Buckskin Boy.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SHOT FROM AMBUSH.

"You will kill him?"

"For ther money I says must be ther price for ther work."

"I shall pay you when I have proof that he is dead by your hand."

"What has yer ter gain by it, Monte?"

"That is none of your business—I want him out of the way and pay you to do the work."

"Afeered ter tackle him yerself?"

"I fear no man; but I fear the risk of being found out."

"You kill him, and I will pay you for it."

"All right."

"He starts on a scout this afternoon and will camp

at Padre's Rock, for I heard him say so, and that will be your chance."

"I'll not miss it, fer I could not git a better place ter corral him with no danger ter myself, and I know what he is, you bet!"

"Go about it your own way, and have no miss, for——"

"Yer better believe I hain't goin' ter have no miss, fer I knows my game too well."

"Do the work and come to me with proof of his death, and your money is ready."

"Ther price o' blood—ther killin' of a man what never harmed me; it's dirty work, but I needs ther money fer a special object, an' I'll git it by foul means, if I can't by fair."

"You and your conscience settle that; only do the



job, and do it thoroughly," and the man addressed as Monte walked away toward his quarters in the frontier fort, while the one who had sold himself as an assassin mounted his horse and rode off alone across the prairie in the opposite direction from Padre's Rock, distant from the fort about twenty miles.

It was nearing the sunset hour, some hours later in the same day, when a horseman rode from the prairie into the foothills of a lofty range, and made his way toward Padre's Rock to seek a camping-place for the night.

The horseman was Buffalo Bill, chief of scouts at the fort.

Splendidly mounted, fully armed, and as handsome a specimen of manhood as one would care to see, he approached the Padre's Rock cautiously, for, though it was an ideal camping-place, it was also a good spot for an ambush.

Suddenly, from a thicket among the rocks, came a red flash, a report, and Buffalo Bill swung back in his saddle as though hit.

But almost instantly he had drawn a revolver and fired at the spot where his quick eye had seen the flash.

A man sprang to his feet and rolled over the rock that had shielded him, lying motionless.

The scout rode on slowly, glancing at the still form with the air of one who felt that there was no need for further work.

"Bill Bronze! I would not have believed it, and yet I never trusted him," and Buffalo Bill rode on, adding:

"I have time to seek another camping-place, and will."

As the scout disappeared, the man lying by the side of the trail moved, and a groan broke from his lips.

"He has done for me—I know it—well, turn about is fair play, I guess. Oh, some one is coming."

Soon a horseman appeared, following on Buffalo Bill's trail.

"It's Monte, curse him!" groaned the wounded man.

It was Monte, the one who had plotted the death of the scout. He bitterly cursed the wounded man, adding:

"I was afraid you might go back on your pledge, so followed; but he's killed you, that is certain, and you shall have your money, and more, along with revenge, if you will do as I tell you."

"I'll do it."

"You may live a day or two, but you are finished."

"I shall go to the fort for a surgeon and an ambulance, and you swear to what I tell you and I'll be liberal."

"I'll do it, for I want money for my child. Bad as I am, I have a good and beautiful daughter at a boarding-school, and she does not know me as I am."

"I will care for her, if you do as I tell you, and say that Cody planned to murder you."

"I'll do it!" and the words were firmly uttered.

Then Monte leaped into the saddle and sent his splendid horse racing back to the fort, to further carry out his plan against Buffalo Bill.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BOY WAIF.

Buffalo Bill sought another camp that night, and when he dismounted and unbuckled his arms, he gazed long and curiously at the large and massive buckle of his belt, which had saved his life, for there, flattened and imbedded in the metal hard and fast, was the bullet the assassin had intended for his heart.

"Well aimed to kill, and a hard blow, for it nearly knocked me from my saddle; but it failed to do the deadly work it was intended it should by Bill Bronze."

"Well, I almost begin to believe that I do bear a charmed life."

Two days after, the scout was many miles away from the scene of his narrow escape from death, riding slowly across the rolling prairie, and just at twilight.

A new moon was lengthening out the light, and rendering objects visible some distance off.

Beyond the horseman, half a mile, was visible a



clump of timber—a prairie island—and it was evident that he was making his way there to encamp for the night.

As the new moon cast its light upon him the face and form of Buffalo Bill were rendered distinctly visible.

Suddenly he drew rein, for his quick ears caught a sound in the distance.

"They are wolves, and they have run down some game, or are snarling over some dead body," he muttered.

Again he resumed his onward way, to draw rein once more and listen attentively.

Distinctly upon the night air rose the notes of a bugle, stilling the howling of the wolves in the timber, as though charming them into silence.

A few stirring blasts were given, and then in soft cadence, clear and sympathetic, was begun the familiar strains of that never-to-be-forgotten melody, "Home, Sweet Home."

"There is a squad of cavalry encamped in the timber, but I knew not that there was a party away from the fort," said the scout to himself, as he rode on.

There now became visible one camp fire, and it was not blazing very brightly; but then the night was warm.

From one melody into another floated the strains of the bugle, and all were played in such a tone of sympathy, and in such a masterly manner that the scout said aloud:

"I wonder who it can be, for no one at the fort plays like that."

Riding slowly that he might not lose the strains, it was some time before he came up to the timber.

To his surprise, no sentinel halted him, and he saw no forms of men or horses by the light of the single fire.

As he rode into the timber, he seemed to feel oppressed, for some reason he could not explain, and he halted quickly as the bugle notes suddenly came to an end.

"Halt! who is there?"

He called out in a loud tone, for he did not wish to take the chances of a shot, and he had his rifle ready for instant use.

As he spoke, he gazed around him as well as he could, and dimly beheld a wagon or two, and then some dark objects lying here and there upon the ground, while again the howling of the hungry wolves began.

"Ho! what camp is this?"

He called out more loudly than before, and then saw a form rise from beyond the campfire and come slowly toward him.

"Ah! my man, I thought all were asleep.

"What camp is this?" asked the dead-shot scout, as the person advanced toward him, while he also moved his horse forward to meet him.

"It is Death's Camp, now, sir," came the answer in a boyish voice, and he saw before him the slender form of a youth of fourteen.

He was clad in buckskin, wore boots and a slouch hat, and about his waist was a belt of arms.

In one hand he carried a revolver, and in the other a cornet, evidently the instrument that the scout had just heard played with such skill.

By the firelight, Buffalo Bill saw a well-formed boy, with a handsome face, fearless and resolute, but touchingly sad just then, and haggard, as with sorrow and suffering.

His eyes were large and black, and his hair was worn long, falling upon his shoulders.

In the background were several wagons, and here and there lay a human body, which showed that some tragic scene had been enacted there, and that it was indeed, as the youth had said, "Death's Camp."

Springing from the saddle, the scout advanced toward the youth, while he said, quickly:

"My God! what has happened here, my boy?"

"A massacre, sir."

"A massacre of whom and by whom?"

"All I loved, sir, were massacred here last night," sadly said the boy.



"My poor young friend, there has, indeed, been red work done here, and you have been a great sufferer. But where are the others of the camp?"

"Most of them are in their graves, and there are the rest, which I intended burying to-morrow," and he pointed to the dead bodies.

"Do you mean to say that you are all alone in this dread place?"

"Yes, sir, I am all alone in this wide world, now," and tears came to the dark eyes.

"No, my boy, for I shall be your friend. Now, tell me all you know about this affair."

"It is soon told, sir. My father, mother, brother, sister and myself were on our way to seek a new home, for father had a small ranch a hundred miles north from here. We had two old servants with us, a guide, three wagons, an ambulance, and a dozen horses, and we encamped here for the night. My pony got loose, and I went after him, and thus my life was saved; for when I returned late at night, all were dead, save the guide, and he was dying, but he told me that the Trail Raiders had attacked the camp and killed all. I fell in a swoon, and it was just sunrise when I came to my senses. I drove the wolves away, and, for a long time, was overcome with grief. At last I determined to bury my poor parents and all. I dug a large grave and placed in it my father, mother, and brother who was younger than I am, but I could not find my sister's body, and have not yet done so. There lie the servants and the guide, and I intended to bury them to-morrow."

"And you were playing that cornet?"

"Yes, sir—I felt so lonely I played to keep from going mad."

"My poor boy, from my heart I pity you. But come, do not give way to your grief, for friends will be found in plenty, and I will be a brother to you. Now, tell me, have you made a thorough search for your sister?"

"Everywhere, sir."

"How old is she?"

"Just two years older than I am, sir, and I am fifteen."

"Ah!" and it was evident that the dead-shot, Bill Cody, felt that he could account for the absence of the maiden's body.

"Do you think that they have carried Lou off, sir?" asked the boy, evidently divining the scout's thoughts.

"They may have done so, hoping for ransom, my boy."

"What is your name?"

"Ben Hurst. My mother was a Mexican."

"And your father was an American?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Ben, all we can do now is to bury the guide and the servants, and in the morning decide what is best to be done."

"As for yourself, you are my little brother now, and must go with me."

"I shall be glad, sir, for I like you, and shall have no one else to love now, for I fear I shall never see poor Lou again."

"Perhaps you may, so do not give up hope," was the scout's assuring reply.

Then he set to work, and the dead were soon buried, and what little booty left by the Trail Raiders was gathered together, to be packed upon the horse which Ben had ridden off in chase of his pony, these two animals thus escaping being carried off.

When all was ready, the two lay down to sleep and await the coming dawn, intending then to start for the fort, for the dead-shot scout wished the boy to make his report to the commanding officer as soon as possible, so that troopers could strike the trail of the Raiders, and go in hot pursuit.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE CAPTIVE MUSTANG.

Fort Blank was a favorite post along the border. Its situation was upon the prairie, with a pleasant country not far distant.

There was timber near, a stream running through the grounds, a substantial stockade fortification, with pleasant quarters for the officers and men.



Near by, over in another clump of timber, was what was known as Fort Village, and there were congregated the settlers, hunters and trappers, and hangers-on of the post, and a wild lot many of them were, only held in subjection by the military so near at hand.

In the fort proper there were about three hundred soldiers, the greater part being cavalry, with a company of infantry, and another of light artillery.

Then there was a force of scouts, hunters and guides, numbering two score or more, and chief of these was Buffalo Bill, with Monte next in command.

Over in Fort Village there were about two hundred souls, so that if the latter was drawn upon for volunteers a very respectable little army could go into the field at short notice.

Colonel Barry, the commandant, was a dashing, noble-hearted officer, whose family of a wife and daughter preferred living with him beyond the pale of civilization to being separated from him, and this circumstance had brought to the post the families of some of the junior officers, until quite a little community dwelt there.

With all, from the colonel down, Buffalo Bill was a favorite, for all saw that he was a man of refinement and education content to live a wild life upon the plains.

His wonderful skill as a trailer, his undaunted courage and prowess, added to his many gallant deeds in battle and alone on the trail, had brought him up to be chief of scouts, while his horsemanship and deadly aim with rifle and revolver were something wonderful.

That this man, seemingly the soul of honor, had been accused of murdering one of his scouts, Bill Bronze, created a great surprise in the fort.

Bill Bronze had been buried where he fell, near Padre's Rock, and back to the fort had come Captain Cecil Lorne with sad tidings from the lips of the dying man.

It had fallen like a thunderbolt into the camp, and at first few would believe it.

But the confession as to who had shot him, coming from the lips of the dying man, seemed to leave no room for doubt.

To try to find Bill would be time thrown away, so they must await his return to the fort, which, believing that he had killed Bill Bronze, he would doubtless make, thinking no one would suspect him.

Anxiously they waited, the sentinels keeping their eyes constantly scanning the prairie, but without discerning the expected scout.

The effects of Bronze Bill—his horses, traps, weapons and trophies of the hunt—had been put up at auction by Captain Lorne, who had made known the circumstances of why they were sold, and readily they were bought at high prices, so that the officer had a few hundred dollars over the expected amount to hand to the orphan girl.

He had gotten from the paymaster the amount he held for Bill Bronze, and had also received the fifteen hundred from Monte, who paid it over without a word, and, as soon as Buffalo Bill returned to the fort, Captain Lorne intended to start to see Lulu Bronze.

But he did not care to leave until he had seen the scout, whom he hoped would explain away the charge against him in some manner.

The afternoon of the second day after the tragedy at Padre's Rock, Marie Barry, the lovely daughter of the colonel, was breaking in a mustang which Buffalo Bill had caught wild and given to her, when, as she was riding in an extended circle around the fort, she spied at a distance what she at first supposed to be three horsemen.

The wild mustang at the same time caught sight of a herd of wild ponies far off on the prairie, and, in spite of all that his fair rider could do, dashed toward them with the speed of the wind.

His course lay so as to head them off in their wild gallop, and in vain did the young girl tug at the severe bit to check his speed.

A stallion, and formerly the king of the wild herd, he intended to take his place at their head once more,



and well did the maiden realize what might be her fate did he once gain the flying drove.

"They will tear me to pieces with their sharp teeth, or I shall be thrown or trampled beneath their feet. Ah! I was foolish to ride this far from the fort," she cried, in horror at her situation.

A roll of prairie hid her from view of the sentinels at the fort, and the herd of mustangs, half-a-thousand in number, were too far off to be seen by the guards, so that it was not suspected that the maiden was in deadly danger.

For a moment, she had forgotten the horsemen she had seen, but now glanced eagerly toward them.

Two only were visible then, but a second look showed her that one was far away, riding like an arrow from a bow to head her off.

"Thank God! help is at hand," she gasped, and her hands let fall the reins, for she was almost unnerved.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ACCUSED!

As long as she had to depend wholly upon herself, Marie Barry had pulled with a strength she had not believed she possessed upon the reins, but when she saw that one horseman was riding to her aid, she became partially unnerved, and no longer offered any resistance to the mad flight of the mustang.

Perhaps it was because she recognized the horseman that she placed dependence in him, for otherwise she would not have thought that the man could aid her.

A second glance at the one who had seen her peril and was determined to save her, if in his power, showed her a long-bodied, slender-limbed black animal, with neck outstretched, going at a speed no other horse on the prairies had ever been known to equal.

And in the saddle, rifle in hand ready for use, sat a tall form well known to her, for often before had she seen it; and more, upon another occasion, when riding out with Cecil Lorne, they were pursued by red-

skins and gave up all hope, that one had come to their rescue and saved their lives.

"It is the scout, Buffalo Bill," she murmured, and then, a moment after, came the words:

"I will warn him of his danger, so that he can fly, for he has not yet been seen from the fort."

Nearer and nearer drew her mustang to the flying herd, and harder and harder rode the scout to intercept her.

Could he do so?

Would even that splendid black which he rode be able to keep up that killing pace to which he was driven?

Nearer and nearer came the mustang to the herd, and nearer and nearer came the scout to both.

At last but a hundred yards intervened between the mustang king and his herd, and the same distance the scout had to ride to reach the maiden's side.

Suddenly, his repeating rifle leaped to his shoulder, and shot after shot pealed forth into the head of the herd, dropping animal after animal and making them sway wildly.

The next instant he dashed near enough to throw his lasso over the head of the mustang king, while he cried, in thrilling tones:

"Hold on, for life's sake, Miss Barry!"

The lasso settled over the head of the mustang, the thoroughly trained black settled back quickly upon his haunches, and the shock dragged the wild animal to his knees, while, with a revolver in each hand, Buffalo Bill began to fire into the head of the herd sweeping toward them, dropping a barrier of dead horses in their front which must force them to turn aside and pass around them.

At the same instant, Buffalo Bill called out, in tones that rose above the thunder of the hoofs:

"Hold on hard! If you are thrown, death is certain!"

Once he had checked the flight of the mustang, Buffalo Bill left his own faithful animal to hold him, while he sprang from the saddle and rushed to the side of the struggling beast.



Watching his chance, he dragged Marie Barry from her saddle, and a bound took him to the pile of horses he had slain, just as the mass of the herd dashed up.

While firing his revolvers, he had used those from his saddle holster, and now he stood upon the body of a dead animal, and, with Marie crouching behind him, he began to fire into the advancing herd.

Rapidly, they opened a lane to the right and left, and soon they had passed by, leaving the scout and the maiden in safety, and with the noble black standing firm, and with the wild mustang—the cause of the mischief, choked down upon the ground.

Springing to him, Buffalo Bill loosened the noose, and soon the animal rose to his feet, thoroughly tamed, just as Ben, the boy waif, was seen in the distance, coming toward them.

"Ah, Mr. Cody, I owe you my life, for you have saved me from a fearful death, and now I wish to save you, so bid you not to go near the fort, but to fly while you can," cried Marie Barry, earnestly grasping the scout's hands.

She saw his look of surprise, and then he asked:

"But why should I not go to the fort, Miss Barry?"

"Because—because—oh! Mr. Cody you are denounced as a murderer!"

He was startled, and turned deadly pale, but asked, in a calm voice:

"Who dares make this charge against me?"

"The one you are said to have slain."

"And who is he?"

"The hunter, Bill Bronze."

"And he is dead?"

"Yes."

"And before dying said that I was his murderer?"

"He did."

"This is remarkable."

"He made such a confession while dying, and, although my father did not wish to believe it, and your friends, too, had faith in you, circumstantial evidence is fearfully strong against you, and already you are

called a murderer, and you will be shot as such if you go near the fort, so I warn you not to go there."

"But I will go, Miss Barry, and face these charges!"

"Pray do not, for your death will follow."

"You are not bound to the fort by any ties, other than as scout, and the world is large."

"You can go elsewhere and live and save your life."

"You served me well once, and it was in the hope of meeting you and warning you that I rode so far out on the prairie this afternoon."

"Now, I beg of you, do not go there."

"I thank you from my inmost heart, Miss Barry, for your nobleness in warning me of the danger in store for me."

"But I am not guilty of the charge against me, and I shall go back to the fort, and face the consequences, be they what they may."

"Will you mount your own horse, for he is tamed now, or shall I transfer his saddle to my animal?"

"I will ride the mustang, thank you, but I am sorry that you will not heed my warning."

"Who is that coming?"

"A poor boy, the only survivor of a massacre that occurred below here some forty miles, and the pack horse he leads carries all the worldly goods belonging to him."

"Let me aid you to your saddle."

As lightly as though she had been a child, he placed her in her saddle, and, mounting his own horse, just as Ben rode up, the three turned the heads of their horses toward the fort, Marie Barry pale and anxious because the scout would not heed her warning.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE PRISONER.

When the party of three rode over the roll in the prairie that brought them in full view of the fort, they suddenly came upon Colonel Barry and several officers riding in hot haste, their mission being to search for the maiden, whom the sentinel had re-



ported as having disappeared at a pace that caused him to think that her horse had run away with her.

They came to a sudden halt upon seeing Marie, and that she was not alone.

As the scout and his two companions rode up, Colonel Barry saw that something had gone wrong, and instantly he cried:

"Marie, my child, you are white as death.

"Pray tell me what has happened?"

"Father, I owe my life to your chief of scouts, for he has saved me from a horrible fate.

"See! across the prairie yonder you observe those dark objects?"

"They are wild mustangs, and were shot by Mr. Cody to save me, for this wicked brute ran with me to take his place at the head of the herd once more.

"Mr. Cody saw my danger, and at the risk of his own life, saved mine."

"Great Heaven! what a death you have escaped; and you, Cody, have the warmest thanks that a father can give," and the colonel's voice trembled as he spoke, while he did not look the scout in the face.

Then, in a few words, Marie told all as it had happened, and added:

"Father, to show my gratitude, I told Mr. Cody of the charges against him, and frankly I tell you I urged him to fly and save his life, but he would not do so."

"Would to God he had," almost groaned the colonel, while Marie continued:

"He said that he was guiltless of the charge, and would go to the fort and take the consequences."

"Cody, from my soul I hope that you can prove that you are innocent, but it looks very black against you just now, and I must hold you as a prisoner.

"Lieutenant Frayne, take charge of the scout, and upon our arrival at the fort, put him in the guard-house."

"Yes, sir," answered the young officer.

"Now, who have you here?" and Colonel Barry turned to the boy waif.

Instantly Buffalo Bill answered, as he coolly handed his weapon over to the young officer:

"This youth, colonel, I found in the Smoky Timber motte.

"I was scouting in the neighborhood last night, heard a bugle playing, and riding up, expecting to find a military camp, this boy is all that met me.

"He was with his parents, sister and brother, and several others, on the way to his father's ranch, when their camp was attacked by the Trail Raiders.

"The boy was absent, searching for his pony, and thus escaped the massacre——"

"Masacre?"

"Yes, Colonel Barry, for all were massacred, excepting his sister, a maiden of seventeen, and I suppose she was carried off by the Raiders."

"This is terrible, indeed."

"It is, sir, and I found the poor boy seated by his desolate campfire, playing the cornet, and a touching sight it was.

"He had buried his parents, and together we placed the other bodies in the grave, and then I brought him with me, knowing that, with his skill as a bugler, you would be anxious to give him a place in the regiment."

"Indeed, yes; but when did this occur, my poor boy?" said the colonel, kindly.

"Three nights ago, sir."

"And when did you leave the Smoky Timber?"

"This morning, sir, about sunrise," answered the youth.

"And when did you find him, Cody?"

"Shortly after dark, last night, Colonel Barry."

"Where were you the day and night before?"

"Upon the prairie, sir, scouting along the trail which I now know was made by the same band who attacked this boy's train."

"How many were there in the band?"

"The trail showed about twenty, sir."

"And you could find no trace of the body of this brave boy's sister?"

"None, sir."

"What is your theory regarding her disappearance?"



"That she was carried off to be held for ransom."

"Well, I shall send, at once, Captain Lorne upon their trail, for you can tell him where to strike it, and endeavor to rescue her."

"I will gladly go with the captain, sir."

"No; for you are under arrest on a severe charge."

"Ah, I had forgotten about that," was the cool reply of the scout.

Riding by the side of the young boy, Colonel Barry found out his name and all particulars regarding him, and became so much interested in him that he said, as they were nearing the fort:

"Well, Ben, you shall have the berth of my bugler who went home on sick leave the other day, and you may rest assured that I will do all in my power to find your sister and restore her to you."

"And Mr. Cody, sir, you will not punish him for a crime he cannot be guilty of?" urged the boy.

"Well, I hope he can prove his innocence before the court-martial who try him, as he has before me," was the answer.

A moment after, the party rode into the fort, and the scout was led away into the guardhouse, to await his trial upon a charge, which, if he were found guilty, would send him to his grave.

## CHAPTER VI.

### GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

The rumor of the return of Buffalo Bill spread like wildfire through the fort, and then floated off to Fort Village, where it created a great excitement.

Next was told the story of his rescue of Marie Barry, and some who were his foes hinted that it would be the cause of getting him whitewashed of the charge of killing Bill Bronze.

Then the massacre in Smoky Timber motte became known, and the circumstances of how he had found a little waif, and some in Fort Village were unkind enough to hint that it was a put-up job to clear himself, his bringing the boy back with him.

But rumors and aspersions are not facts, and all knew that they must await the trial.

If Bill had not found the boy, as he said, who, then, was the youth, and where did he come from?

There was one thing certain, and that was, when the notes of the bugle rang through the fort that night, played by the boy waif, one and all had to admit that never before had a bugle been made to send forth such strains over that camp.

Whether he felt that in music he could soothe his sorrow no one knew, but the poor boy ran from one melody into another, playing with a skill that was wonderful, and a pathos that brought tears to many eyes, as if his very soul was going out in sympathy for his lost ones in the strains that went floating over the prairie, filling the air with melody.

And thus for a long time the boy waif sat playing his silver cornet, no one caring to stop him, and many sorry when at last he ceased.

"Can I stay in the guardhouse with Mr. Cody, sir?" he asked Colonel Barry.

"Yes, if you wish it, my boy, but you will have to be locked in with him."

"I do not care for that, sir, and I shall be up bright and early in the morning."

"Yes, for Captain Lorne may return by that time with some news of the Raiders."

And so Ben went to the guardhouse and slept in the cot next to the scout, after the two had talked together until a late hour.

But before sunrise he was out and attending to his duties, just as Captain Lorne rode into the fort attended by his squad of cavalrymen.

The horses were jaded, and the riders looked worn out, for they had had a long and hard ride.

To the colonel he made his report.

He had struck the trail just where the scout had told him he would find it, and had pursued it as far as he dared go; but from those who had seen the band he had learned that there was no maiden with them.

They had many horses laden down with booty, and had ridden hard; but out of the dozen who had seen



them not one there was who was not positive that there were only men in the party.

A Mexican *padre* had been halted by them and gave absolution to a dying Mexican, whom they had been carrying back severely wounded, and he, too, said that there was not a prisoner, male or female in the hands of the Raiders.

"What can have become of the girl?" asked Colonel Barry.

"I cannot tell, sir, unless she may have escaped in the darkness out upon the prairie," answered Cecil Lorne.

"Ah! such might have been the case; but alone, unarmed and a mere child, she would soon fall a victim to wild beasts."

"I fear that such has been her fate; but as I wish a party to visit the scene of the massacre, and then ride with all haste from Padre's Rock to note the time it can be ridden in, I will have Lieutenant Lancaster go at once, so that he can be back for the trial of Cody to-morrow, and he can make a circuit of the Smoky Timber in search of the missing girl."

Half an hour after, Lieutenant Lancaster had his orders from the colonel, and with six troopers and Monte as guide and scout, rode away from the fort to the scene of the massacre.

Late the following morning, they returned to the fort—just as Buffalo Bill was summoned from the guardhouse for trial.

The prisoner was calm, almost indifferent, and yet showed surprise when Captain Lorne gave the dying testimony of Bill Bronze against him.

The testimony of the man then in his grave was corroborated by Monte, the scout, in a measure, who told of his meeting with the dying hunter.

Then Buffalo Bill was asked what he had to say for himself, and he said:

"My intention was to go up to the Padre's Rock and thence up to the river to see if the Raiders had crossed at any point.

"I was fired upon at the rock, but returned the shot, aiming where I had seen the flash, and Bill

Bronze fell from the rock, and was, as I supposed, dead.

"I rode on, wondering why he had sought to kill me, and intending to make my report upon my return to the fort.

"I was angry, and did not stop to bury him, as I should have done, and suspecting that others might be with him to ambush me, I rode on and camped that night at Lone Spring, and the next night it was that I was at Smoky Timber, where I found Ben, the boy waif, over seventy miles from Padre's Rock, coming by the fort, and further if I had gone around the Red Cliff.

"I did kill Bill Bronze, but I did not even see him when I fired, and returned the shot of an assassin, so his dying confession, first to Scout Monte and next to Surgeon Otis and Captain Lorne, as well as the escort of the ambulance, that he saw me talking to the Raiders and shot me when he came up to Padre's Rock and accused me of it, is utterly false, as is Scout Monte's claim that he, too, has seen me at different times talking with the chief of the Trail Raiders.

"Yes, officers of the court, I say that Bill Bronze died a perjured liar, and that that man, Mexican Monte, lives with the lie in his throat when he says what he does."

Monte dropped his hand to his revolver at these bold words, but quick as a flash he was covered by a weapon in the hands of the boy waif, who cried, in tones as clear as his bugle notes:

"No firing upon a man in irons!"

All started at the ringing words, which brought upon the boy the gaze of every eye, and Colonel Barry, who had not noticed Monte's action, said sternly:

"How dare you touch a weapon, sir, in the presence of this court-martial?"

"I was cut by the lie, sir, thrown in my teeth, and I humbly beg the pardon of the honorable court," humbly said Monte, though his dark face flushed one instant, and became livid the next with suppressed passion.



Then the boy waif said in a manner that was not expected in one of his age:

"And I, too, humbly beg pardon, but I feared the coward might kill Mr. Cody."

"It is granted, my boy, and if you, Monte, cannot control your temper, I will have you disarmed," said the colonel.

"I will not offend again," was the low reply.

"It is hard, Cody, to believe that a dying man would speak falsely," said an officer of the court-martial.

"It is strange, indeed, sir, that a man would die with a lie upon his lips, but Bronze did so die."

Ben then told of the scout's arrival at the motte.

"Was his horse tired?" he was asked by the prosecuting officer.

"No, sir; on the contrary, he seemed not at all jaded."

"How do you know this?"

"While the scout was digging the graves, I unsaddled his horse and staked him out with my animals."

"Did he speak of where he had been the day before?"

"Yes, sir; he told me when he had left the fort, and how he had intended going to the north, but had struck a trail which had brought him to the Smoky Timber, and he said that Providence had guided his way so that he found me."

"And you rode the distance, Lieutenant Lancaster, from Padre's Rock to Smoky Timber?" asked the prosecuting officer.

"I did, sir."

"What distance would you call it?"

"Coming by the fort, fully seventy miles."

"And by the Red Cliff?"

"Eighty miles."

Then the officers of the court-martial consulted together, and Colonel Barry said:

"Cody, circumstantial evidence, were we not inclined to mercy, would condemn you to death, for the charge against you came from the lips of a dying man and Monte here.

"You admit killing Bill Bronze, and yet, under all the circumstances and the aid you gave my daughter in her dire peril, the court-martial spares your life, but reduces you to the ranks among the scouting company, of which Monte is now made chief.

"And one word more—if you clear up this shadow and mystery hanging over you, all of us will be delighted to have you do so, and, more, you shall be reinstated in your position as chief of scouts."

Buffalo Bill merely bowed in silence, while Ben sprang forward and grasped his hands, at the same time unlocking his irons with the key handed him by the sergeant of the guards.

Turning haughtily upon his heel, with no thanks for his life to the court-martial, the scout strode away to his quarters, followed by Ben, the boy waif, while Monte remarked, in a tone loud enough for all to hear:

"That man means me mischief, because, as in duty bound, I told the truth about him, for he did murder poor Bronze."

## CHAPTER VII.

### GOOD FOR EVIL.

After the trial of Buffalo Bill, no one could notice any change in him as to whether he felt his having been reduced from chief to ordinary scout.

His manner to all was just the same as before, and to Monte, the new chief, he was ever respectful, and obeyed every command with promptness.

He had asked to go off upon a scout, and had been absent for days, but had made no important report upon his return, though he and Ben were seen earnestly conversing together upon their return.

But those two were always together when not upon duty, and had become inseparable pals, the man loving the boy as if he were his own brother, while Ben seemed to idolize the scout.

The colonel and officers all wished to treat Cody well, for few of them could believe him guilty, but he avoided them as much as possible, and when not on duty kept to his own quarters.



One day Captain Lorne started upon a scouting expedition with fifty troopers and twenty scouts, under the command of Monte.

Ben, the boy waif, also went along, and the party were well mounted, and thoroughly armed, while they carried provisions for a week's stay.

Striking an Indian trail, they followed it to the hills, and the young captain boldly determined to attack the redskins in their village, which Cody reported was but two miles away.

Of course he knew that the Indian warriors outnumbered him ten to one, but then he knew his men and expected much from a surprise.

It was just at dawn when they rode down upon the Indian village, Ben's bugle ringing forth a wild and thrilling charge.

The first man in the village was Buffalo Bill, and all who followed saw two Indian warriors go down beneath his unerring aim.

Surprised as they were, the redskins did not quickly rally, and the village was very nearly won before they made a determined stand.

But then a hundred warriors banded together and made a desperate charge upon the troopers, pressing them back before them in a huddled mass.

In vain did Cecil Lorne strive to break their front with his troopers and scouts, for on they came with revengeful cries, and, hemmed in as they were with a cliff behind, it looked as if a massacre must certainly follow.

But suddenly in the rear of the Indians came two horsemen charging at full speed, their reins in their teeth, a revolver in each hand.

Then merry was the music of those four revolvers, and every shot told with such deadly effect that the redskins wavered and broke, and fled to right and left.

Just then, however, a horse went down, pinioning his rider beneath him, while a huge chief, maddened with desperation, sprang upon the helpless man.

It was Monte, the chief of scouts, and another second would have ended his earthly career, when a bul-

let, sent from a revolver twenty yards distant, crashed through the brain of the redskin, who dropped dead upon the body of his intended victim.

Quickly his men drew their chief out from beneath his foe's body, and, springing to his feet, he cried:

"What friend of mine fired that shot?"

"Buffalo Bill!" answered a dozen voices in chorus.

Monte made no reply, but turned away muttering:

"I have feared that he would kill me in the fight, and lo! he has saved my life."

And those two who had also saved the day were Buffalo Bill and his boy pard, who had dashed away from the command in pursuit of flying redskins, and returned to aid their comrades or perish with them.

When the village was in his possession, Cecil Lorne warmly thanked the scout and the boy waif for their gallant services, but, though Monte stood by, not one word did he utter to the man who had saved his life by his long and unerring shot.

With the wounded soldiers and booty of the Indian camp, the little command started upon their return to the fort, greatly elated over their victory and the lesson they had taught the redskins.

"Where is Buffalo Bill?" asked Monte, as they rode along the trail to the fort.

"He asked my permission to go upon the trail of the Indians who escaped, to find out where there was another village located," answered Captain Lorne.

"I wish you had spoken to me, Captain Lorne, and I would have detailed you a far better man," said the chief of scouts, evidently annoyed.

Cecil Lorne's face flushed, and he said, quickly:

"I am not in the habit of consulting my inferiors as to my duty, and, as for a better man than Buffalo Bill, there is not his equal as a scout upon these prairies."

Monte wisely held his peace and rode on in silence, for Cecil Lorne was not a man to be trifled with.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DOUBLE MYSTERY.

There was certainly rejoicing in Fort Blank when Captain Lorne and his men arrived with the account of their victory.

The Indians had not been dealt a severe blow of late, and had become very troublesome, while they had managed to elude pursuit in nearly every instance.

All were forced to admit that Buffalo Bill had been the cause of the victory by leading the command to the Indian village, and had then, with Ben, the boy waif, saved the party from a massacre, and from Cecil Lorne he had received full credit.

Also, it was told how he had saved the life of Monte, the chief of scouts, and the very ungracious way in which the favor had been received.

The second night after their return, Monte was seated in his adobe hut, playing cards with some congenial spirits.

The doors and windows were open, and the tin lantern upon the wall gave ample light.

Suddenly, following quickly upon the distant report of a rifle, a bullet whirled into the cabin, just grazing the cheek of the chief scout, and drawing blood.

All sprang to their feet in alarm, while the Mexican, feeling that he was not seriously harmed, stepped forward and began digging the bullet out of the face wall where it had buried itself.

Soon it was in his hand, and unmarred by its contact with the wall.

"It came from the timber yonder, and there is but one rifle in the camp that can carry a bullet as true at such a distance," remarked Monte.

"What gun are thet?" asked a scout.

"You all know the rifle and to whom it belongs.

"When the man returns to camp, I will see if the bullet fits his rifle," was the reply.

"You hints it are Buffalo Bill," said one.

"Yes."

"Waal, yer hints wrong, fer he ain't thet kind o' a

man," was the indignant reply of the man who befriended the absent scout.

"Well, we shall see."

"We'll see, pard, ther yer is on ther wrong trail.

"Why, it hain't three days sence he saved yer life, an' durned ef yer hed ther nerve ter thank him fer it."

"Keno, do you wish to quarrel with me?" asked Monte.

"No, I hain't partic'lar about it, one way or t'other; but I are pertic'ler thet yer don't accuse a man like Cody o' fightin' mean."

"Well, drop it. Oh, boy, what do you want?"

The last remark was to Ben, who had just then entered the cabin.

"I come from Colonel Barry, *man*, to order you to take ten men and go off on a twenty-mile circuit of the fort, as a ranchero has arrived with reports that Indians are scouting in the vicinity," answered Ben, emphasizing the man, as he did not like the way Monte called him boy.

"All right, boy, I'll start at once, say to the colonel."

"Very well, man; but has anything scared you, for you look white as a ghost?"

Monte uttered an oath, while Keno said, provokingly:

"He hev been shooted at from over in ther timber yonder."

"Shot at?"

"Yas, Ben, an' he got it thar on ther cheek, whar yer sees ther scratch."

"Yes, I see."

"We was sittin' heur playing a peaceful game o' keerds, when a bullet sailed in, and ther chief do say thet he thinks it were Buffalo Bill thet did it."

"If you say that Buffalo Bill would fire a shot at you, Mexican Monte, behind your back, you lie!" cried the boy, his eyes flashing.

With a curse, the scout sprang toward the boy, but, quick as a flash, two weapons covered him, one in the hand of Ben, the other held by Keno.



"Hold, Mexican Monte, or I will kill you!" cried Ben, while Keno said:

"Pard, I hain't goin' ter see a man fight a boy 'ith-out chippin' in, so let up."

"Keno, you are on the road to have trouble with me.

"Put up your weapon, for I meant no harm to the boy," said Monte, livid with rage.

"But I meant no harm to the man, and it's war between us, Mexican Monte, whenever you like."

"Keno, I thank you for your kind act," and Ben wheeled upon his heel and left the cabin.

All present, and there were half-a-dozen in the cabin, expected trouble to follow between the chief and his scout; but, instead, Monte said, quietly:

"Now, Keno, I want you to get nine others, besides yourself, and be ready to start upon the trail in fifteen minutes."

"All right, pard," and Keno left the cabin.

Soon after, Monte and his scouts rode out upon the trail, and the camp settled down to repose.

But soon after the sentinel halted an approaching horseman, who was riding in haste for the fort.

"I am Buffalo Bill, sentinel, and I have important news for the colonel," was the reply.

Soon after, he was admitted to the room of Colonel Barry, to whom he reported that he had been dogging the steps of three men, and, following them to the timber beyond the post, had there killed two of them, but the third had escaped.

"They were Raiders, sir, as you will see by the things I took from their bodies," and he handed Colonel Barry some papers and bags of buckskin, containing money, jewelry and a number of valuable little trinkets.

The colonel glanced at the papers and cried suddenly:

"Ha! these were taken from the father of Ben, Scout Cody.

"Call the boy, and at the same time send a party after the bodies of those two men."

Cody instantly obeyed, and the boy waif soon after came into the colonel's quarters.

"Ben, Buffalo Bill killed two men to-night, and found upon them these papers, and they bear upon them the name of Hurst."

"They belonged to my father, sir," said the lad, choked up with emotion.

"Did your parents and sister have any jewelry with them?"

"Yes, Colonel Barry.

"My father wore a watch and chain and a seal ring, and my mother wore considerable jewelry, as did my poor sister, also."

"Describe their jewelry, please."

The boy did so, and Colonel Barry said:

"Then all here belongs to you, for here is your father's watch, here is the ring, and these things were your mother's; but I see nothing among them such as you describe as belonging to your sister."

The boy took them with a gentle touch, as though they were most sacred as relics of the dead, and said:

"I thank you, Colonel Barry; these did, indeed, belong to my parents, but the absence of anything belonging to my sister proves to me, as you have told me, that she must have escaped the massacre to be lost and devoured by wild animals."

"A better fate, my boy, horrible as it seems, than to have been left in the power of the merciless Raiders."

"Give those papers and trinkets to the paymaster to keep for you, as you would be robbed of them in your quarters— Well, sergeant?" and the colonel turned to the sergeant who had gone to bring the bodies of the two Raiders into the fort.

"There are no bodies in the timber, sir."

"What?"

"We searched every foot of the timber, sir, and there are no dead bodies to be seen."

"This is astonishing."

"I will go with you myself, sergeant," and Scout Cody departed with the soldier.

But in half an hour he returned to make the same



report, greatly to the amazement of Colonel Barry, for a search with torches and lanterns had revealed no dead bodies in the timber.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A TRAP SET.

Early in the afternoon of the day following the night of the mysterious shot and the spiriting away of the bodies from the timber, of the two Raiders, Monte and his men returned to the fort.

Instantly the chief sought an interview with the colonel, and, finding Captain Cecil Lorne with him, asked for a private interview.

"Say what you have to say, Monte, before the captain."

Monte scowled, but said:

"I obeyed your orders, Colonel Barry, and made a circuit of the fort."

"With what result?"

"I found several different trails, freshly made, but none of sufficient size to give cause for alarm, as not one of them was made by over half a dozen men."

"Indians or whites?"

"Both, sir, as there were both shod and unshod horses ridden."

"The ranchero doubtless got alarmed by rumors, for he reported numerous bands of Indians skulking about."

"No, colonel, such is not the case; at least within the circuit which you bade me go."

"But, sir, I wish to report a curious circumstance."

"Well, Monte, what is it?"

"I was playing cards with a party in my cabin——"

"I believe you are as good a card-player as you are a scout," said the colonel, with a smile.

"A scout's pay, sir, is so small, that I add to mine by gambling," was the frank confession.

"Well, what was the curious circumstance?"

"I was fired upon while seated with my back to the door, and in a direct line with the light."

"Fired upon?"

"Yes, sir."

"By whom?"

"That is yet to be found out, sir, but I have my suspicions."

"See, the bullet grazed my cheek here, and this is the little piece of lead intended for my head."

Colonel Barry took the bullet, and Monte went on:

"It sunk into the adobe wall, and I cut it out."

"But where was the shot fired from?"

"The timber, sir, to the south of the camp."

"Ah! that was a long shot."

"True, sir, but it was fired from a long-range rifle, and the splendid aim shows the one who sighted it was a dead shot."

"Then you suspect some one?"

"I do, Colonel Barry."

"Whom?"

"Buffalo Bill!"

"Ha! do you mean it?"

"I mean that the bullet you hold fits his rifle alone, of all those in camp."

"This looks serious."

"It is serious to me, sir."

"But, Monte, what reason would he have for killing you?"

"I appeared against him in his trial when he murdered Bronze and——"

"Hold, Mexican Monte, you shall not say before me that William Cody murdered Bill Bronze."

"Say he was accused of it," hotly said Cecil Lorne.

"As you please, Captain Lorne, when he was accused of murdering Bronze, I appeared against him."

"Yet he saved your life a few days ago."

"True, colonel, but I believe the shot was an accidental one."

"I saw him fire it, sir, and it was not accidental," said Cecil Lorne.

"Well, gentlemen, I stand in his shoes, as you know."

"Then why did he not let the Indian kill you, for then, after his gallant conduct and services, I would have made him chief again," said the colonel.



"I have more to report, sir," said Monte, feeling that he was accusing a man before his friends."

"Well, sir?"

"As we left last night on our scout, we went through the timber, for I wished to see if any one was encamped there.

"Finding no one, I halted, and was lighting a cigar with a match, when a shot was fired from a distance directly toward me, and it was so well aimed that it knocked the weed from between my teeth.

"At the flash of the rifle, which was fired from quite a distance away, half my men cried:

"Buffalo Bill!"

"Ha! they recognized him?"

"Yes, sir."

"This looks most serious, Lorne."

"It looks so, sir, but may be explained away."

"At what time was this, Monte?" asked the captain.

"About nine o'clock, sir."

"And at what time did Cody come to you, colonel?" continued Captain Lorne.

"At about ten, I believe, for I was just about retiring; but did you give chase, Monte?"

"Yes, sir, but his horse ran away from us easily, and Cody rides the only animal I know of that can drop mine that way."

"Monte, I admit that this looks serious for Cody, and I will tell you what he reported last night.

"He told me that after leaving Captain Lorne's party, he went on into the mountains until he struck another Indian camp.

"Then he reconnoitered until he found a way by which the village could be reached by night and attacked.

"Returning on his way to the fort, he saw three men, none of them mounted, or, if so, he did not see where their horses were concealed.

"He dogged their steps, and, convinced that they were Raider spies, ran into them, killing two, while the third escaped.

"Upon them he found papers and trinkets of considerable value belonging to Ben Hurst, my bugler, and I gave them up to him.

"Then I sent for the bodies to see if any would recognize them, and they could not be found."

"The bodies?"

"Yes."

"What did Cody do with them?"

"Some one spirited them away."

Monte shook his head doubtfully and said:

"Colonel, I know you and Captain Lorne are friends of Cody, but I am confident you are deceived in him, and if you give him the rope, ere long he will hang himself."

"By Heaven! I will try it.

"Let not a word of this be spread through the camp, Monte, and tell your men not to speak of the shot fired at you last night after you left the fort.

"Then I will have Scout Cody watched, and if I detect him in guilt, he shall hang for it, I assure you."

"And he will deserve to do so, if guilty," said Captain Lorne, and Monte arose and departed from the colonel's quarters, convinced that before long Buffalo Bill would run his neck in the hangman's noose.

## CHAPTER X.

### BUFFALO BILL'S SECRET FRIENDS.

Buffalo Bill sat alone in his quarters, upon the evening after Monte's return.

He had orders to be ready to march at dawn to the Indian country, to guide Captain Lorne and a large force to the Indian village he had found, and he was putting his weapons in order.

His pard in camp quarters was his boy pard, Ben, but the youth was then about headquarters, where his duties kept him until late.

Suddenly in through the open door glided a familiar form, and quickly she closed it.

She wore a heavy shawl, and her head was muffled up in a large Spanish veil.

At first glance, as he rose to his feet, Buffalo Bill thought it was Nita, the Mexican maid of Marie Barry, but as the veil was thrown back, he discovered with surprise that it was none other than the colonel's daughter herself.

"Miss Barry, this is indeed an unexpected honor," he said, hardly knowing what to say.

"It is a duty, Mr. Cody, not an honor, for I have come to place you upon your guard."

"I do not understand you, Miss Barry."

"I will at once explain.

"You have foes in this camp who are plotting against you.

"But, though appearances are terribly against you, I frankly tell you that I do not believe you are guilty."



"Of what am I now accused, Miss Barry?" asked the scout.

"I will tell you all.

"I overheard this afternoon, while reclining in a hammock on the piazza of my father's quarters, a story told by Monte to my father and Captain Lorne.

"It was to the effect that Monte was shot at last night, while playing cards in his cabin, and the bullet grazed his cheek and buried itself in the adobe wall.

"Monte dug it out and says that it fits your rifle only, out of all the fort."

"Yes, there is not another weapon like mine in the whole command," was the cool reply.

"And more, he says that the shot was fired from the timber to the south of us, at a distance which your rifle will carry."

"True, my rifle will kill where other weapons will not carry."

"Again, he told that he was lighting a cigar in the timber last night, after starting out upon a scout, and a bullet cut the weed from his lips, but all saw by the flash who it was."

"And who was it?"

"The scouts said it was you."

"Indeed; they are mistaken, for I am no assassin," was the haughty reply.

"So I believe; but, under the circumstances, you must admit that appearances are against you, especially when you could not find the bodies of the two men whom you killed."

"I cannot understand that affair, Miss Barry, for I always shoot for the head, and both those men had bullets in their skulls when I bent over them and took their valuables and papers from them."

"Well, you know, Mr. Cody, that I am your friend, and as my father told Monte that he intended to have you constantly watched, I decided to commit the unmaidenly act of coming to your cabin and placing you on your guard."

"Miss Barry, I cannot tell you how I respect you for your bold act, and deeply I thank you for your kindness, and your trust in me.

"Some day I hope to prove my appreciation of it," and the scout held forth his hand, which Marie grasped warmly, and then, wrapping her veil about her head and face once more, she glided quickly out into the darkness.

Buffalo Bill stepped out also, and saw that there

was no one near to see her, and then re-entered his cabin, and resumed his work of cleaning his weapons.

"Say, pard, is you in?" and the door opened, admitting Keno, the scout.

"Yes, Keno, be seated."

"No, pard, fer I hev only a leetle minute to stay, fer I doesn't wish ter be seen talkin' ter yer jist now.

"But I hes come ter whisper ter yer thet Monte, dern him, is playin' lively fer yer scalp."

"Ah! he can have it if he can take it."

"He don't intend to fight squar' fer it, and I only wishes yer hed hit him last night."

"What do you mean, Keno?" sternly asked Dead-Shot Cody.

"I means thet I took yer part when ther shot come at him, when we was playin' keerds in ther cabin.

"But when yer let drive at him, as he were lightin' his cigar, then I seen yer myself."

"You saw me, Keno?"

"Fact."

"No, you did not."

"Pard, it were but an instant, by thet flash o' ther rifle; but it did light yer up, hoss an' all."

"And you mean to say that I fired an assassin's shot at Monte?"

"I seen it."

"I tell you, Keno, you are mistaken, and before this I believed you my friend."

"I is yer friend, Dead-Shot Bill; but ef yer says yer didn't fire ther shot, then I doubts my optics, rather than yer word, fer yer ain't been ther man sence I knowed yer, ter lie, tho' I confesses I lies like an auctioneer at times."

"Pard Keno, I tell you that though you may have thought you saw me, you are mistaken, for I never pulled trigger on Mexican Monte.

"When I do, I shall kill him."

"I hope yer won't be very long in pullin', pard."

Bill laughed lightly, and Keno departed, happy in having placed the scout on his guard against a foe whom he knew meant him evil.

He had been gone but a short while, when Ben entered, and his face wore an anxious look.

"Well, little pard, what is it?" asked Bill.

"I have bad news for you, Pard Bill," was the reply, as the youth sat down by his side.

"Indeed! bad news seems to be epidemic just now," answered the scout, with a smile.



"I don't wish to be thought mean, pard, but I listened to-day to what Monte told Colonel Barry."

"That I had shot at him twice?"

"Well, he hinted at something that he had told him earlier in the afternoon, about your shooting at him; but what I heard him say was that he had come back to tell the colonel something that had occurred to him."

"What was that, Ben?"

"I heard him say:

"'Colonel, I have a theory to work on, which, taken in connection with the shots I am sure were fired by Cody, looks most suspicious.'"

"Well, did he divulge his theory?"

"He said that you had brought in papers and jewelry that belonged to my family, and told how you had gotten them from the bodies of two men you had just killed, and whom you knew to be members of the Raiders' band."

"Well, Ben?"

"He went on to say that, as the bodies could not be found, it looked as though no men had been killed."

"Ah!"

"And more, he said that, as you had discovered me in the Smoky Timber and brought me to camp, he thought that you were secretly a member of the Raiders."

"Ha! said he so?" and the scout's face whitened.

"Yes."

"Go on, please."

"He said that you had doubtless been with the Raiders who had attacked our train, and took as your booty the things you gave the colonel last night."

"Why should I give them up?"

"He thought that your conscience made you do so, and that the story of the killing of the two men was merely an excuse to give that you might account for their being in your possession."

"It certainly is a well-told story, Ben."

"But what said the colonel to this?"

"That he could not doubt you until perfect proof of your guilt was given to him."

"I thank him for that."

"And Captain Lorne said the same, and, more, he told Monte that he believed he was anxious to have you out of the way."

"And what says my friend, Ben, to these charges?"

"Why do you ask me, Cody? You know that I look upon anything said against you as false."

"Bless you for those words, my boy."

"But now turn in, for we must make an early start in the morning," and soon after the cabin was in darkness, and the scout and the boy waif were serenely sleeping, in spite of the chain of circumstantial evidence tightening about the neck of Buffalo Bill.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE LOST SCOUT.

At the appointed hour, the command, over a hundred strong, pulled out of the fort on the raid to the mountains.

Every trooper was picked, and so was every scout, for the service in hand, while the best animals at the fort had been selected for the work, with extras taken along for supplies and ammunition, and to supply the place of any horse that might break down.

At a quick trot, Cecil Lorne led the way, Buffalo Bill riding on one side of him and the boy waif on the other.

Then followed the troopers, a hundred in number, and Monte, with thirty scouts, brought up the rear.

Coming in sight of the mountains, they struck into a trail running toward the river, so as to throw any Indian scout off the scent, should one be watching them from the hills.

But they halted before sunset, staked out their horses, and went into camp, apparently for the night.

But as soon as night came on the fires were built up, and, mounting quickly, they dashed away for the hills.

It was a ride of two hours to the foothills, and there Buffalo Bill took the lead, the other scouts following in single file.

A couple of hours more, and Cody came to a halt and announced that the Indian village was not more than a mile off, and that, while the horses had breathing time, they would go forward and reconnoiter.

"I will go, sir," said Monte, not wishing to lose the honor.

"No, Scout Cody shall go, for he it is who discovered the camp," said Captain Lorne, quickly, and in a tone that admitted of no argument.

Then Bill rode forward, and Ben asked permission to accompany him, saying:



"I am so anxious to learn all that I can about scouting, Captain Lorne."

"Go with him, then, Ben, and, as you are in such good hands, I need not say be careful."

A moment after, Keno glided up to Cecil Lorne's side, and said in a whisper:

"Cap'n, Monte are a-goin', too."

Instantly, Cecil Lorne sent a young lieutenant, acting as his aide, to order the chief of scouts to report to him.

Monte soon appeared, evidently in no pleasant humor at being thwarted in his intention of accompanying Bill and Ben.

As if not aware of his intention, Cecil Lorne said:

"Monte, I wish you to take half of your men and leave the other half for Buffalo Bill to command, and you attack on the right of the troopers, while he attacks on the left."

"Yes, sir; but I think——"

"What you think, sir, has nothing to do with it."

"You have my orders, and I expect you to obey them."

Monte saluted and walked away, and in silence the command awaited the return of Cody and Ben.

Soon the boy waif appeared, but he was alone.

"Ah, Ben, where is Cody?"

"I left him at the Indian village, sir, and he sent me back to guide you through the pass into the valley."

"Why did he not come?"

"He said that the valley was narrow, with a stream in the center and the Indian tepees on either side."

"Also that the pass above was narrow, and that he would make his way there, and when you dashed into the valley he would begin to fire with his repeating rifle at that end, so as to make the Indians believe they are attacked from both quarters."

"A good idea, but he takes big chances alone."

"He'll take good care of himself, sir; but he told me to tell you he supposed the village numbered fifteen hundred, fully four hundred being warriors."

"Is there no redskin sentinel at the pass?"

"Not now, sir."

"You smile as though there was something else to tell."

"Well, sir, there were two, but I lariatied one, and Buffalo Bill killed the other with his knife."

"Bravo for you, Ben; but come, we must be on the

march, and you, Keno, take command of the squad of scouts I had intended Cody should command."

Slowly the troopers marched forward, now under the guidance of the boy waif, who certainly had begun well as a scout, and in a short time they came to a narrow gorge in which the valley where was the Indian village terminated.

Upon one side lay two dark forms, which Ben explained had been the Indian guards.

Passing through the gorge, the Indian village came in full view, with the tepees looking like grim specters in the shadowy light of dawn, for the mountain tops were already brightening under the approach of day.

Not a soul seemed stirring in the redskin camp, though a dog was barking viciously in the upper end of the valley, as though his sleep had been disturbed.

Forming his men for the charge, when all was ready, Captain Lorne said in quick tones:

"Men, keep together and use your revolvers."

"Be careful to harm no women and children."

"Ben, blow the charge!"

Instantly the bugle sent forth its stirring strains, and with a cheer from the troopers and wild yells from the scouts, the cavalcade bore down upon the Indian village with a rush.

With wild cries, the Indians sprung from their couches and seized their weapons in alarm.

But the avalanche of steed, fire and steel was upon them, and scores fell before a blow could be struck to resist the attack.

Captain Lorne knew, however, that the village was much larger than he expected to find, and that he had a stubborn foe to deal with, so kept his men well together, for he saw that the Indians were rallying at the upper end of the valley, and might in turn become the assailants.

But, just then, from the upper pass came rattling shots and flashes, and the Indians swayed from that direction in wild alarm.

"Buffalo Bill is at work," cried Ben, and then all realized the good work the scout was rendering, though single-handed, for the redskins evidently thought that they were to have a force drive down upon them from that direction.

Again the bugle's wild notes were heard ringing forth the charge, and once more the troopers swept on through the valley, driving the panic-stricken



redskins before them and to the mountains for shelter.

For a while the red havoc was continued, and then the fight was ended.

The sun had now risen above the tree-tops and lighted up the sickening scene, for some tepees were on fire, dead warriors and squaws and pap-pooes were lying thick about the village, while many a wounded brave was chanting forth his death-song.

Here and there lay a dead and wounded trooper, with a man in buckskin, from Monte's band of scouts, and one young lieutenant was among the slain.

Captain Lorne had struck a telling blow against the redskins, but his loss, too, was heavy.

"Where is Cody?" asked Cecil Lorne, as the time went by and the scout failed to appear.

The question remained unanswered, and when noon came he had not been seen.

Then the trophies of the fight were gathered together, the dead were buried, the squaws and children were left for the fugitive warriors to return and care for, and, loaded down with his wounded, booty and prisoners, the latter chiefs and prominent warriors, Cecil Lorne gave the order for the march back to the fort.

But it was with a sad heart that he and Ben left the scene, as they feared that some terrible fate had befallen Buffalo Bill.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A TRIO ON A TRAIL.

A grand reception greeted the return of the victorious soldiers, but the joy of their triumph was dampened by the news that Buffalo Bill was either killed or a prisoner in the hands of the revengeful redskins, who would only be too glad to have a victim to satiate their hatred upon.

His noble conduct upon the expedition again caused Colonel Barry to feel that he could not be the man that Monte represented him to be.

Ben, the scout's boy pard, was also spoken of in the highest terms, for he had become a hero, having distinguished himself in the fight.

The boy seemed almost crushed in spirit by the loss of his friend, but hoped that he would yet turn up.

He told Colonel Barry that he had ridden to the upper pass of the valley, and there had found the

dead bodies of the braves killed with a knife. They had evidently been the guards, and had been slain by Buffalo Bill in seeking his position from which to fire when the charge was made.

The day after the return of the command to the fort Ben sought the colonel, and asked if he could be spared for several days to go upon search for the missing scout, Keno having signified his willingness to accompany him.

"And I will gladly join you, Ben, if the colonel will spare me for a few days," put in Cecil Lorne, who was present.

"I will spare you both, for I think it would be safer to go with a squadron, Lorne," answered the colonel.

"No, Colonel Barry, for we could not move with a body of men as three of us can," said Captain Lorne.

"As you think best, then."

"Keno is one of the best Indian fighters I ever saw, and I am, as you know, colonel, not a bad scout, while Ben here is a prodigy as a prairie boy, so we will make a strong trio on a trail, if I do say so myself."

"When do you wish to start, Ben?"

"Keno said, to-night."

"I am willing, so let us make all arrangements, and let no one know where we are going."

Late that night, three horsemen rode out of the stockade, splendidly mounted and armed. Their object was to find some trace of the missing scout.

Straight to the mountains they went, Keno proving a perfect guide and trailer, and the night after leaving the fort they camped in the valley where had been the Indian village.

Now all was desolation, for the ashes of the tepees, the graves of the dead, and the picked bones of the animals slain in battle, alone remained to greet the eye.

Seeking a sheltered nook, the three hunters went into camp, and the night passed without disturbance.

But bright and early they were up and eating their breakfast, and then Keno struck the trail of the retreating Indians, and followed it without the slightest difficulty.

All along the trail graves were here and there, where some wounded warriors had died on the march.

"They hev gone ter ther upper heart o' ther hills,



nd thar we'll spy thar camp," said Keno, whose every movement in following the trail was watched by the boy waif, who was studying prairie signs with an earnestness that proved his intention to learn to become a thorough borderman.

At first the trail showed that the redskins had moved rapidly, expecting pursuit by the troopers; but, finding no chase was made, they went along slowly, and, Keno said, had just three days before come over the trail.

"Then it cannot be far to where they are encamped," said Captain Lorne.

"No, cap'n, ther main village o' ther reds hain't far away, and ef they hes got Buffalo Bill, we'll find him thar."

"And do you not think they have killed him?" asked Ben.

"Not yit, boy pard, but they hain't goin' ter delay ery long, arter arrivin' in camp, yer kin swar."

"And do you not think he may have been wounded and died, and be in one of the graves we have just passed?"

"No, them was all Injun graves, fer ef they hedn't een, I'd a-dug inter one mighty quick."

Ben felt relieved at this, but still feared that the scout might be tortured or slain before they could rescue him.

How this was to be accomplished had not been decided upon, as Keno said:

"Ther way ter do, pards, is just ter find your game, an' then kill it."

That evening the three camped in a lonely cañon, which the guide said was but a few miles from the Indian camp, as he could plainly see by the signs.

"We'll leave ther critters heur, an' then proceed er go on hoof-back," he said.

They dared not build a fire to cook their supper, so e what they had cold, and then, securing their horses, set forth on foot.

That Keno was right about the Indian village being near was soon evident, for the lights of the fires soon became visible.

"It are thar big roost, whar they hes a willage er year round.

"Ther band starts out fer a run round arter scalps, lunder an' game, and gits back up heur once every ear ter winter.

"But, thar havin' been two o' ther bands hit hard his past week or so, I guesses ithers is toddlin' back

heur ter headquarters afore winter comes on," explained Keno.

"Well, Keno, there is the village in that valley, so what is to be done now?" asked Captain Lorne.

"I'll tell yer, cap'n, what are ter be did."

"What?"

"We'll strike one o' ther trails leadin' out o' ther willage, and 'twon't be long afore we nabs some redskins goin' in or out.

"Ef thet don't go, then we kin look up ther sentinels, an' bag one o' them."

"But what for?"

"You jist let me git my grip on a red nigger o' a Injun, an' ef I don't make him squ'al out whether Buffalo are in thet willage or not, yer kin gallop me back to ther fort with yer spurs on."

"Ah, I see."

"Yas, an' I sees an innocent Injun comin' yonder.

"Heur, boy pard, you lariat him as he goes by, fer yer is some on throwin' ther rope."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE CAPTIVE BRAVE.

Ben, at the words of Keno, offering him the honor of lassoing the Indian, was delighted.

He was, indeed, an expert hand with the lariat, and grasped the coil handed him by the scout with an eager desire to do his best.

"He are alone, pards, but thar may be more o' 'em comin' ahint him, so we hes ter go slow," whispered the scout.

It was moonlight, and an Indian mounted upon a pony was plainly visible coming along the trail, on his way to the village.

"I guesses he is er hunter, fer it looks es though he hed plenty o' game on his pony," said Keno, as the warrior drew nearer.

"Don't throw until he gits by us, an' then let him hev ther coil.

"I'll stand yonder, so as ter lariat ther pony."

"All right," said Ben, coolly, and he held his coiled lasso ready, having one end fastened to a tree.

Stepping some paces away, Keno made his lariat fast to a tree also, and stood ready to catch the pony when his rider was pulled from his back by the boy.

Nearer came the unsuspecting warrior, riding along as though he was tired out with a day's chase,



for he sat loosely upon the back of his pony, which could now be seen to be weighted down with game.

Abreast of the crouching boy the pony came, and then passed on, not even pricking up his ears or scenting danger.

Then out into the air the lariat was hurled, and the noose fell about the shoulders of the amazed Indian, who was jerked from his pony's back to the ground with stunning force.

Before he could realize what had happened, Cecil Lorne and Ben had seized him and dragged him into the bushes bordering the trail, where he was quickly gagged and bound.

In the meantime, the pony had been cleverly captured by Keno, who led him off the trail and rejoined his companions.

"Come, we must get ter safer regi'ns than these be, pards," said Keno, and he raised the redskin to the back of his pony once more, and led the way to a point some distance from the trail.

At last he halted in an open space, where the moonlight fell full upon them, and placed the warrior before them on the ground.

"Injun speak English?" he asked, quietly.

The warrior shook his head.

"Waal, I kin speak yer lingo, reddy, in a way thet'll make yer sick," and Keno continued, speaking in the Indian tongue:

"Redskin great warrior."

The Indian seemed surprised to hear his own tongue so well spoken by white lips, but answered:

"Black Cloud great warrior."

"So I thought, and he don't want to lose his scalp?"

Of course, the redskin desired to meet with no such loss, and Keno continued, speaking as before in the Indian tongue:

"If Black Cloud speaks with a straight tongue, I will let him go free when myself and pards are in safety.

"If he talks crooked, I will scalp him, so that he will be a squaw-brave, and then let him go to his people."

"What does paleface brother want?" asked Black Cloud, more anxious to save his scalp than his life.

"Will Black Cloud speak straight?"

The Indian nodded assent.

"The Comanches under Wild Eye met a big defeat in the valley some days ago?"

A nod was the reply.

"Was Black Cloud there?"

Another nod showed that he was.

"Did Comanches take any paleface prisoners?"

"No."

"Not one?"

"No."

"Does Black Cloud know paleface chief, Buffalo Bill?"

"Paleface Fire Eye?" asked the Indian, and, remembering that Buffalo Bill was so called by the Indians, Keno replied:

"Yes, where is Fire Eye?"

Black Cloud did not know, but had seen him in battle, and one paleface had followed their retreat all day, and slain several of their warriors, but they could not capture him, he said.

"Bill Cody, for keeps!" cried Keno, as he interpreted for the benefit of Cecil Lorne and Ben.

"So it seems, and if so, he is safe," answered the captain.

Then Keno asked Black Cloud a number of other questions, which resulted in the discovery that when the Indians found that only one paleface was following them, a body of picked warriors, a dozen in number and splendidly mounted, had started upon his trail, and had followed it toward the south.

These warriors, he said, had not returned yet, or had not when he left the village half-a-dozen hours before.

"Well, the Black Cloud has spoken with a straight tongue, and he shall not lose his scalp. When he shows us the trail taken by the braves in following Fire Eye, he shall go," said Keno.

The warrior demurred, but, finding that it was his only chance, he consented, and they at once set off for the spot where they had left their horses.

Mounting, they continued their way until nearly dawn, when Black Cloud told them that they were about on the trail.

Then they camped, ate a good meal from the Indian's game, giving him his share also, and securing him beyond hope of escape, lay down to rest.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE CHASE.

It was just dawn when Keno, with the power to waken any time he wished, threw off his blanket and called to his comrades.

Instantly they were on their feet, and again the Indian's game suffered from the very good appetites of the three white captors.

Feeling that he was to be kept faith with, the warrior also enjoyed his breakfast, and, confident that he was doing no harm in sending three men upon the trail of a dozen, he pointed out very readily the way which the pursuers of Scout Cody had gone, for that was none other than Bill none of the trio doubted.

Keno eyed the trail closely, and set out upon it, following it on foot, while the others came on behind.

"Now, Black Cloud, you can go," said Keno, releasing the warrior and telling him to lose no time in getting out of sight.

As the redskin mounted his horse a free man, Ben saw him slightly start, and a change came over his face, and he told his companions about it when the Indian had ridden off.

They watched him for an instant, and then Keno said:

"Now, pards, we'll foller this trail, fer it leads across the prairie, and ther Injun told ther truth, fer yes yer see thet thar be just thirteen horses as hes one along hyar?"

His comrades did not see that fact, but took Keno's word for it, who then said, quickly, as he glanced out over the prairie:

"Thar, boy pard, is what made yer Injun look strange—he seen them reds a-coming."

As Keno spoke he pointed out over the prairie to where a party of mounted warriors were visible, coming toward the hills.

"Ha! it must be the party who pursued Buffalo Bill!" cried Cecil Lorne.

"No, there are but ten in that party, sir," said Ben. "I guesses thet Buffalo Bill hev got away with two 'em, and ther rest tuk sick and turned back," put Keno.

"Well, what are we to do, Keno?"

"Cap'n, we hes ter git outer these hills es quick es we kin."

"Our animiles is fresh, so ter speak, an' theirs is layed out, so we kin keep ahead o' them, while, ef

we remain heur, thar'll be five hundred red devils arter us afore night."

"Then to the prairie we go."

"Yas, an' look thar!"

"Ef thet varmint hain't flanked us an' are a-ridin' fer life to jine his kumrades, then I lies fur luck!"

It was true, for Black Cloud had evidently just sighted the advancing party, and, having gotten out of sight of the whites, had made all haste to get to the ten warriors approaching the hills.

"Come, pards, an' we'll dust," cried Keno, and the trio rode down the hillside under cover of the timber, and, reaching the prairie, suddenly dashed forth upon it in a sweeping gallop.

The Indians were now almost up to the foothills, and had halted, while their companion, who had just reached them, was telling them of the proximity of their foes, and pointing to the spot where he had just left them.

The whites had not gotten a hundred yards from the hills before they were discovered, however, and instantly, with wild yells, they started in pursuit.

The trio had fully a quarter-of-a-mile good start, and felt that their horses were far superior animals to those ridden by the redskins, but this hope was destined to a slight drawback, as they beheld their foes coming on at a swinging pace, which showed that their horses were not as worn out as they had hoped and believed they were.

"Ben, yer hes ther longest range shootin' iron, so yer hed better invite ther varmints ter stay ahint a bit," said Keno, as he saw that they would have to push their horses so as to keep ahead of the redskins.

"Shall I knock over Black Cloud?" asked Ben, quietly unslinging his rifle.

"No, I guesses not, fer he did us a good tarn, ef 'twere to save his scalp."

"Take thet fuss-an'-feathers a-leading ther gang."

Drawing his horse quickly to a halt, Ben sprang to the ground, threw his rifle across his saddle, and a flash and report instantly followed.

"He he! yer got him!"

"Bravo for you, Ben!"

The cries came from Keno and Cecil Lorne, who had also reined up their horses when the boy waived, and were delighted to see the Indian throw up his hands and fall to the ground.

Instantly his comrades gave vent to wild yells of



rage, and urged their horses on the harder, while one of their number halted by the side of his fallen comrade.

That one was Black Cloud, whose horse was not as fleet as the others.

But the remaining nine came on with a rush, and began steadily to gain upon their foes, who would not put their horses out at full speed unless driven by necessity to do so.

"Try 'em again, boy pard, but don't stop to fire.

"Jist let 'em hev it es we rides along."

"All right, Keno," cried Ben, elated at his former success, and he threw his rifle to his shoulder and once more it sent forth its deadly load.

This time a mustang went down, throwing his rider over his head.

"Well done, Ben, for he is out of the fight.

"Ha! there comes a volley from them," cried Captain Lorne, as shot after shot was sent after the whites.

"And you are hit, sir," said Ben, anxiously, as he saw Cecil Lorne slightly reel, and his left arm drop to his side.

"It is but a flesh wound, I think," coolly said the officer, grasping his wounded arm.

"This won't do, pards, fer they hes long-range irons, too, which I didn't believe it o' them.

"We must show them our animiles kin drop 'em, fer thet wound hes ter be looked arter, cap'n, and I are a half-way-fool o' a doctor myself.

"Push 'em, pards; push ther critters!"

In obedience to the call of Keno the three horses were put to their mettle, and instantly began to drop the surprised redskins, who believed that they had been urged to their best.

Chagrined at the deception they again fired a volley, which, however, fell short; but Ben suddenly reined his horse in, sprung to the ground once more, and threw his rifle across his saddle, while he called out:

"This is to avenge you, captain!"

"And you have done it, my brave boy!" shouted Cecil Lorne.

"Durned ef yer hain't," cried Keno as a second Indian fell like a log from his horse.

Springing to his saddle again, Ben seized his bugle, which he never went without, and instantly sent forth stirring notes as he sped along, and which brought

the Indians to a sudden halt, for, unable to see over the rolling prairie beyond, they thought that there must be cavalry ahead to which the youth was signaling.

"Yer hes made them scoot, boy pard, es sure es blazes!" cried Keno, as the redskins turned about and rode back toward the hills.

"Now, we'll see thet wound, cap'n," and a halt was at once called.

Examining it with the art of one who has learned from experience just what wounds are, Keno said:

"Cap'n, thet are a trifle ser'us, so I'll jist tie it up an' then we'll shove fer camp es quick es ther critter kin carry us."

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

But the Indian pursuers had not given up the chase, as had been thought and hoped.

They soon came back with a rush, and forced flight for life once more, though the boy in buckskin got in one more telling shot, and another wounded Keno's horse.

"We'll hev ter make a stand of it at yonder hill, cap'n," said Keno.

"All right, for we have a fairly good stand-ground there," replied Lorne.

The Indians began to gain rapidly now, as Keno's horse was failing, and the place of refuge came not too quick.

As they dashed up, to their surprise two men were found hiding there in ambush.

One was Buffalo Bill.

The other was Monte, but the latter was lying on the ground, securely bound.

"I saw you coming, and lay in ambush to give those fellows a surprise.

"I have Monte's rifle, also, though he is not in the fight.

"Rally about me!" called out Buffalo Bill.

With no time for comment, they did so, and when the Indians dashed up a moment later, they were



## THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES.

reeted with a terrific fire from Buffalo Bill's repeating rifle and the other weapons.

The shots emptied a number of saddles and put the demoralized redskin remnant to flight, Buffalo Bill flashing out with Ben and capturing what the boy supposed was an Indian sub-chief, but who, the scout said:

"It is a renegade white man in war paint."

The man's horse had been killed and he was wounded, but the scout and the boy helped him back where Captain Lorne and Keno were with Monte.

"Cody, you have Monte a prisoner, I see, and he says you accuse him falsely," said Captain Lorne.

"Over the hill, there, sir, lie two of Alva's band of trail Raiders whom I killed after seeing him in close talk with them, and I captured him only after a hot scrimmage.

"He has been the spy in the fort, sir, whom we could not find, and the letters I have will prove it, for these were brought to him from Alva,

"Just promise my prisoner yonder his life if he will confess who Alva's spy in the fort is, and see if he does not know, for the red-painted fellow is one of the band who lived in the Indian village.

"Monte sought to down me, to have me executed as a traitor, and wellnigh did it, but I hold the rumps now, and one of those dead outlaws confessed to me when dying that he was the one who escaped from the timber the other night, when I shot the other two, and told me where to find the bodies hid, for he dragged them up into the thick cedar trees, and was in league with Monte to kill me.

"There are the papers I took from Monte, who brought me here to meet those men, and now ask the white renegade, Captain Lorne, who this man is!"

Ben was called to bring the painted prisoner there, but the man was unable to come, and, going to him, Captain Lorne said:

"My man, I promise you your life if you will tell me who the outlaw spy in the fort is."

"My life is goin', cap'n, an' fast, so if I kin do one good act before I die, I will.

"It is Monte, the man you trusted as a scout."

"Keno and Ben, you both hear what he says," called out the captain, and then he continued:

"Ben, go and bring Monte here."

The boy in buckskin did so.

"Is this the man?"

"Yas, cap'n, ther spy o' Chief Alva in the fort——"

The renegade also confessed, before he died, that it was he who had fired the shot at Monte when he was playing cards.

He had a rifle similar to Buffalo Bill's, and was a dead shot.

Dressed to resemble Bill, he had stolen into camp and fired at Monte, intending to miss him. This was done to give Monte a chance to get Buffalo Bill in prison.

Buffalo Bill, Keno and Ben buried the bodies, Indians and outlaws, there in the hills, and then mounting their horses, Keno riding the animal of one of the raiders, the party started for the fort, Monte livid, silent and despairing.

The story of the scout, backed up by Captain Lorne and the papers taken from Monte and the other outlaws, were conclusive evidence as to who was the traitor in camp, and a drum-head court-martial, ordered by Colonel Barry, quickly condemned the spy to death.

"If we could only find your sister, Ben, all would be well," said the colonel to the boy pard of Buffalo Bill, after the execution of Monte, the spy.

"Yes, sir, but I have given her up as dead, and that is a sorrow to balance the joy that I feel that Mr. Cody is once more chief of scouts," said the boy waif.

"And you are my gallant Boy Pard in Buckskin!" answered Buffalo Bill, cheerily.

THE END.

Next week's issue (No. 53) will contain "Buffalo Bill's Vow of Vengeance; or, The Scout's Boy Ally." The Buckskin Boy turned out to be a fine border-man. How he helped the great scout to punish his enemies and how he found his sister, after many adventures, make a thrilling story.



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State.....

Title of Anecdote.....



# THRILLING ADVENTURE



Get together now, boys, on this new contest. Make it the best yet. Lose no time, but get your entries in early.

The last contest was a corker. The names of the prize-winners will be announced in next week's issue—No. 53. Look out for them. Yours may be among them.

## An Adventure on Black Beard's Island.

(By W. H. Schmidt, Ga.)

In the summer of 1899 I visited my uncle in Savannah. When I got there he was talking about going to Black Beard's Island, a little island about fifty-four miles up the coast, to dig up the buried treasures there. Lots of men had been there to dig up the treasure, but had not succeeded in doing so. My uncle selected four of his best friends, bought provisions, tools and other things that we would need.

We hired a yacht, whose owner was an old "sea dog," and started on the trip. We did not have any adventure on the way worth mentioning, but I got very sea sick, and had to lie in bed for a day. The next day (that is, after we left Savannah) we caught sight of the island. We anchored, took all our tools and implements over to the island, and then took a look over the island to see if anybody was on it, but there wasn't.

We found a stream of clear water, not far from where we supposed the treasure was hidden. We decided not to start to dig up the treasure until next day, as it was about five o'clock when we got all our tools and everything else that we would need out of the boat and over to the island. Then we went fishing for oysters, for they were plentiful there. I selected a nice bed of them for myself.

I had got a basket half full when all of a sudden I heard a great splash in the water, but did not notice it and went on catching the oysters. My uncle was not very far from where I was, and had come out of the water to the bank. He came to where I was standing waist deep in the water, then called to me to come there quick. I went to him as fast as I could. When I got out of the water he pointed to where I was standing, and to my horror I saw about twenty-five sharks around in a circle where I had been standing.

They were ready to strike when I got out. I lost my oysters and would not go back in the water to get them. I was too scared.

The next day we got ready to dig up the treasure. All the men got pickaxes and started to work. I stood and looked on. After a while they struck something hard. They shoveled away the dirt from around it and found that it was a cannon with a ball stuck in the mouth of it. We tried to take it out, but it was driven in too far; the cannon was so heavy that we couldn't lift it out.

We then made us a windlass and fixed it right over the cannon. We fastened ropes around it and tried to pull it out. We got it started, but before we could get it out of the hole the men got so weak that they let the windlass go and we heard it hit something hard under it that sounded like an iron chest. We tried to draw it up again, but the men got too weak, and we heard something like a ship coming up.

We heard the sails flapping, and then we heard the anchor chain grating along the side of the supposed ship, the men got scared and ran away as fast as they could, for they thought that Black Beard was haunting the island. We did not try to take the cannon up any more that morning, but tried it again after dinner; but every time we tried it we heard the flapping of sails and the grating of the anchor chain, like a ship coming to the island, and the men also got weak as before, and had to turn the windlass loose.

After two days trying to get the treasure, but not succeeding, we went back to Savannah, and everybody came to us to hear if we succeeded in getting the treasure, our adventure was in the newspaper the next day, and I guess it went all over the world. I went back home a few weeks later, and had to tell everybody that I met that it was true, and that I had really been there. So ends my story.

## A Terrible Ride.

(By Samuel T. Ashcraft, Jr., N. J.)

In the year 1896 I was driving a horse hitched to a cart, and had been successful enough until the middle of the morning, when the horse became frightened at a piece of paper beside the road, and started to run away.

I was standing on the shaft at the time and had no footing to hold the horse. While I was trying to stop him we came to a piece of rough road, and my foot slipped.

I fell head downward, but managed to catch the cart shaft with my hands and one foot.

All of a half an hour I had to sustain myself in this way, every moment I was becoming weakened and my head only six inches from the wheel. Then the horse dashed into the yard, and one of the men caught it. When it halted I fainted.

When I came to it was to find myself in my bed with my mother bending over me.

It was just two hours after I fainted.

## In the Wild West Show.

(By Billy Windle, Ill.)

Although I am only eighteen years old, I believe I have had an accident worth mentioning. During the season of 1901 I was out with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. I was one of the Rough Riders, and in the early part of October while we were showing at Centralia, Ill., it fell to my lot to ride one of the worst horses that we carried. It was an Arizona horse, and called the "man killer." I had ridden him many times without accident; but this time as I was mounting he commenced



bucking, and my foot slipped through the iron ring stirrup and I lost my balance and fell, and was dragged almost around the arena before the horse was roped and choked down by another cowboy. I was taken away unconscious and sent to Chicago to the hospital, and when I became conscious three days later I found that one of my eyes and four teeth had been knocked out. My face was terribly bruised and cut, my nose and three fingers were broken, and I had a compound fracture of my left forearm. I remained at the hospital some three months before I could be up and around again. But Mr. Cody was very kind and paid all my expenses and put me on his pension rolls till his opening this season.

The accident left me with several horrible scars that I shall carry to my grave.

### Caught In a Hole.

(By Morris Brown, N. S.)

About four years ago I was living in a double house when the following incident took place:

One Sunday morning the woman who lived in the other end of our house came running in, saying that the house was on fire around the pipe and would soon spread. The only way to get at it was through a small hole in the ceiling about two feet square.

My mother lifted me up and handed me a bucket of water, but it was spread too much for me to master. Mother got frightened and ran out to get help and left me up in the hole. My eyebrows and hair were scorched and I could not see, I thought I would smother, when my brother, who was six years older and who hadn't been out of bed for three months, heard her holler, and jumped out of bed, ran upstairs and lifted me down.

The people soon had the fire out after using quite a lot of water.

### Kicked By a Horse.

(By Arthur Swankle, Wis.)

It happened about one year ago, a very fine day in August, about 9:30 a. m. I was sent downtown to get a dozen oranges for a cake. As I turned the corner who should I meet but one of my schoolmates. He asked me if I wouldn't come and spend the evening at his house and, of course, I said yes. And in this way we got deeply interested in our subject.

All at once some one called:

"Look out!"

Of course, we turned and saw about five feet away a horse and buggy coming at full speed. I jumped and my friend not thinking jumped to get on the other side. He didn't succeed, and was kicked by the horse in the back of the head and was knocked senseless for about fifteen minutes. It happened that it was a doctor's horse and the doctor was close at hand. He came up and looked at the boy and said:

"It could have been worse."

He took him home to his office and fixed him up well. I tell you it was a close shave.

### An Adventure With a Bull.

(By Leslie K. Orr, Indian Ter.)

I was living on a farm about three miles from Marlow, Indian Territory. My uncle and myself had been in the habit of hunting every night, and we decided to go 'possum hunting one night.

My uncle carried an ax and I carried a club, about two feet long, with a big nail in it.

We started out about seven o'clock and went right down a big canon for one mile till we came to a neighbor's house. We tried to get him to go with us, but he wouldn't go and we went on.

We were going right down a cowpath. A fence on one side, and the big creek on the other. We were startled here by the appearance of a couple of other boys, but found it to be our chums. We went on till we came to a pond of water and we sat down to rest a while.

We had just got down when a gun was fired right across the

creek. We all scattered and I went right up the trail we had come. I was going at the top of my speed when I saw some thing ahead of me. I stopped short and saw it was a big bull.

I turned right into the creek and ran into a hole of water ten feet deep, and with a roar, the bull started in pursuit. I had just got out on the other side when the bull plunged into the hole. I knew there was a wire fence about one hundred yards away, and I thought if I could reach it I would be safe so I started to reach it at the top of my speed, the bull har after me, but I beat him there. I got caught in getting through and I had to tear through now, for the next place of safety. I thought of the big ditch over in the field, so I started for it. The bull stood there a minute, and with a rush and a crash he started in pursuit.

I stumbled and fell, and the bull came up close to me. I got up and started again. I could hear him sling his head in the air and I was expecting every moment to be knocked down by the bull, but I finally got within seventy feet of the ditch and I saw something rise up in the ditch. I yelled out:

"Kill the bull!"

It was my uncle and the other boys. He threw his ax and hit me on the leg, but not edgewise, however, and I fell down right close to the edge of the ditch, and with a bound and roar the bull leaped into the ditch, where the other boys were. He had broken his leg and fell, so we left him. This was enough for the other boys, so they pulled out, and we did the same.

### My Experience With Carbide.

(By Geo. Wolf, N. Y.)

It will be four years next Fourth of July since I had an experience with carbide that I will not very soon forget. There were myself, Oscar Seiler and my brother Lewis that went out to the river for a swim, so when we were coming home we came past the Union Carbide Company's plant and got a hundred pound keg of carbide.

As we were going to have a red hot time the next day—the Fourth of July. Well, that night, just for fun, I put the keg under the hydrant and let the water run into it, so by the time I got a match lit the air was full of gas.

There was one loud report, that knocked me on my back, so when I got up I was a sight to look at, both hands and face burned so that I could not see.

The worst part was that I could not get a doctor for about two hours, and there I was running around the streets yelling like a wild Indian, and the best part was that it never left any kind of a scar.

My moral to young people is not to handle things they know nothing about.

### A Close Call on the Railroad.

(By G. T. Pearson, Ind.)

About three weeks ago I was visiting my cousin John's in Utica. We concluded to go out hunting, it being a nice warm day.

We took our rifles and went out in the woods about three miles from his home.

We shot several birds and a rabbit, and when it was getting along toward evening we came out of the woods onto the railroad. We had to go through a narrow gorge called the stone cut, which the railroad runs through.

When we were about half way through we heard the whistle of a train.

Looking around, we saw it was not more than a hundred and fifty yards back of us. Then there commenced a race for life.

We threw our rifles and game down at the side of the track to lessen our weight, for the train was gaining rapidly on us and we thought our time was near. Looking up, we saw the end of the cut a little way ahead of us and with a few more bounds, we reached the siding in the nick of time, as the train rushed by at a thundering rate, throwing cinders in my face.

After taking a rest, we walked back, got our rifles and game and started for home. When we got to the depot we learned that the train was the flyer No. 1, and it was two hours late.

When we got home we cleaned the rabbit and birds for our supper.



# BOYHOODS OF FAMOUS MEN.

This department contains each week the story of the early career of some celebrated American. Watch for these stories and read them, boys. They are of the most fascinating interest.

Those already published are: No. 1—Buffalo Bill; No. 2—Kit Carson; No. 3—Texas Jack; No. 4—Col. Daniel Boone; Nos. 5 and 6—David Crockett; No. 7—General Sam Houston; Nos. 8 and 9—Lewis Wetzel; Nos. 10 and 11—Capt. John Smith; No. 12—Wild Bill; No. 13—Dr. Frank Powell, the Surgeon Scout; No. 14—Buckskin Sam; No. 15—Seneca Adams ("Old Grizzly" Adams); No. 16—Pony Bob (Bob Haslam); No. 17—Major John M. Burke (Arizona Jack); No. 18—Kit Carson, Jr.; No. 19—Charles Emmett (Dashing Charlie); No. 20—Alf Slade; No. 21—Arizona Charlie (Charlie Meadows); No. 22—Yellow Hair, the White Boy Chief (William Burgess); No. 23—Broncho Billy (William Powell); No. 24—Squaw-Man Jack (John Nelson); No. 25—Major Lamar Fontaine (the Sharpshooter King); No. 26—Buck Taylor (King of the Cowboys); No. 27—Bruin Adams (J. F. C. Adams); No. 28—California Joe; No. 29—Pawnee Bill (Gordon Lilly).

## No. 30—Night-Hawk George.

(GEORGE E. POWELL.)

The fate of George Powell cast him in Texas, in the Indian country, when a boy not much beyond the starting of his teens."

Like all boys "to the border born," he was thoroughly educated before his thirteenth year in the necessary accomplishments that one had to possess to make his way in life in that part of the country, and he was not long in making a record and convincing the wild characters of the plains, the Indians and also his friends, that he was in every way thoroughly able to take care of himself.

George had had an adventure with an Indian chief, who, seeing his youth, had thought to take from him his fine weapons, Mexican saddle and bridle, and outfit in general.

The boy's pony the chief thought he would take simply as a pack animal, for he rode a magnificent black horse, the finest animal, George decided, that he had ever seen.

Of this horse George had heard, for he had been told that Night Hawk, a noted Comanche chief, had captured a wild black stallion, the king of all prairie mustangs, and which Indians and whites had long sought to capture, but in vain.

The handsome red war bonnet and superb black horse told George who the Indian chief was, and he knew also that he had a very dangerous and merciless redskin to deal with.

But the boy would not be robbed, and the Night Hawk made the mistake of thinking that he would.

"Boy give Night Hawk saddle, bridle and weapons."

"No, you don't."

"Kill boy and take all."

"Is that your game?"

"Me kill boy if he don't."

"If I do?"

"Me take all, and let boy go."

George saw that the chief intended to do what he said, and he had an arrow fitted to his bow to carry out his threat.

But the boy had a trick up his sleeve—a revolver ready to drop into his hand; but he said:

"Don't rob me."

"Yes, will."

"Don't kill me."

"Yes, will—want scalp."

"You want me to give you something?"

"Yes, in heap hurry."

"Take that."

The chief took it—a bullet crashing in his brain.

The aim of the boy had been sure.

The result was that George got the bonnet of the chief, who was known to be a very merciless fellow with a band of red throats at his back.

He also got the lance, weapons and horse of the chief, and bed away much pleased with himself, and the story spreading, he found himself more of a hero than ever.

When it became known that little George Powell had killed the Comanche chief, Night Hawk, the terror of the prairies, he was envied by many for the capture of "Black Wind," as the Indians had named the splendid black horse, and praised by all for his pluck.

The Texas Rangers came in a body to see the boy, and named him then and there, "Night-Hawk George."

It seemed that good luck crowded upon the heels of the boy, for some months after, while far away from the settlements on a lone hunt, as was often his custom, he heard distant firing, and searching to discover the cause, he beheld in the distance an emigrant train upon the prairie "standing off" a large force of Indians that had attacked it.

George knew that his rifle would have been of little use, and he saw that the emigrants could hold their own until night, but that under cover of the darkness overwhelming numbers would tell against the whites.

He was just twenty miles from the fort, and it was about two o'clock.

"I know Black Wind can make it in less than two hours but it will take the cavalry three to mount and reach here, and it's just five to dark, so here goes."

Like the very wind, he sped away, and the Black Wind was pushed very hard indeed, and when in just one hour and fifty minutes he darted into the fort he was white with foam and gaunt as a grayhound.

Throwing his rein to an orderly, George dashed into the colonel's quarters unannounced, and the news he brought created excitement in the fort, and there was saddling and bridling of horses, arming of men, and forming of troopers in hot haste.

George rode to the head of the troopers and took his place by the major who was to go in command, and in just twenty minutes from his coming he departed in relief for the train of the emigrants.

But the major was most willing and preferred that horse-flesh should suffer rather than whites should be ruthlessly butchered, and darkness was just creeping over the prairie when the troopers drew up their panting horses, and the commander and George rode to the top of the divide to glance over into the hollow.

They had heard firing for some time, and now saw that the emigrants were in corral with their wagons, and around them were encamped on the prairie several hundred Comanche warriors.

"By Heaven! George, you have saved them, for that train could never have withstood a charge in the darkness from that band of warriors."

"But we'll give them a surprise party in a little while," said the major.

He then divided his force into two companies of sixty men



each, and as the laggards had all come up, prepared for a charge upon the redskins, attacking them upon two sides so as to drive them in range of the rifles of the emigrants.

The redskins, wholly unsuspecting the presence of the cavalry, for they had cut off all escape from the train, so that no one could give the alarm, formed their plan of attack, summoning all, except the sentinels surrounding the corral of the wagons, for the council.

As they were separating, formed in four parties to charge from as many different directions, they were startled by a ringing cheer, and instantly over the rise a squadron of cavalry charged upon them. Though surprised, the savages turned to meet their foes, for they could see that they outnumbered them; but as they did so, the second squadron came into view, and with ringing cheers, and the Comanches saw that they were fairly caught between two fires. To fight they knew would be useless, and to fly was their only course to pursue, and to do this they came under the fire of the emigrants, who, wild with delight, rushed out in a mass and aided the troopers.

It was no longer an attempt now at fighting with the Indians, and in wild dismay they fled, pushed hard by the victorious troopers, whose carbines brought many a redskin and pony down.

But the cavalry horses were too worn out by their hard gallop to make it a hot chase for the rested ponies of the Comanches, and Black Wind alone seemed to be fresh, and carried George ahead of all the others.

One by one the troopers stopped and gave up the chase, and an hour after all had assembled on the battlefield to bury the dead and care for the wounded, for the Indians had hit back savagely, while the emigrants were also sufferers, but thanked the major most warmly. As he told them that George was the one to thank, he looked around for the youth, but nowhere could he be found, and a gloom fell upon all, for a sergeant reported that he was last seen close on the heels of the Indians and alone.

Brave as the boy was, they all knew that he was not foolhardy enough to continue the chase alone, and all feared the worst had happened to him. The major gave orders for rations to be cooked and all to be ready to start at the first dawn of day to look for the missing youth.

The cause of George's not appearing was very easily accounted for by him, and the fault lay with Black Wing.

The trouble was that the mustang "felt his oats," so to speak, and the gallop to the aid of the emigrant train was to him but a preparatory run for a long trip.

Whether he recognized by instinct old friends in the Comanches, George did not know; but certain it is that he quickly distanced the troopers, and gave such ample opportunity for drawing a closer bead upon the flying Indians that for a while the youth was delighted.

But at last, discovering that he alone was driving several hundred redskins before him, he became fairly frightened at the immensity of the undertaking and at once drew rein.

But drawing rein with Black Wind was one thing, and stopping him was another.

The harder he pulled the more the mustang seemed to like it, and George soon realized that he might as well try to stop the "Injuns" in his front as the horse he rode.

His mouth was a hard one, and George had not put on his Mexican bridle, which was a jaw-breaker. The mustang realized this. He tried every art known to riders, but they were of no use; then he tried to go in an oblique direction, but to no avail.

As he drew near the Indians George thought he would jump off and walk back; but he did not wish to lose either the horse or his fine saddle, and would not do that till the last.

But the last soon came, and the young boy knew he must jump, for the Comanches were not fifty yards ahead of him.

He feared he would break his neck, and expected to break an arm, or his rifle; but he was in a desperate situation, and it required desperate measures to extricate himself.

He slung his rifle upon his back, fastening it to his belt, and was preparing to slide off, when suddenly behind him came a score of horsemen, having turned into the chase from one side.

At first his heart gave a leap of joy, for he thought they must be troopers; but the next instant showed him his mistake, as he was surrounded by Comanche warriors, the senti-

nels of the party who had escaped and consolidated to join in the fight or flight with their comrades, as the case might be.

Instantly their keen eyes saw that he was a paleface, and almost as quickly he knew that he was a captive, for they threw their lariats around him as they rode and soon had him at their mercy.

Fortunately for George, the redskins were too much taken up with their flight to stop and give an entertainment with him, and when after an all-night ride they saw his face, they concluded to carry him on to their village in the mountains, for they recognized in him the youth who had killed their chief.

George was not proficient in the Comanche tongue, and yet he saw and heard and understood enough to know that they regarded him as a valuable prisoner, and he regretted that they held such a high opinion of him, for it would be much harder to get away, although from the moment of his capture he had been plotting to escape.

But into the village he was taken, and when the stay-at-home braves and the squaws heard of the defeat of the war party, and the capture of George, he did not know whether they felt more sorrow for their losses, or more joy at his being a prisoner.

He was, of course, subjected to insults at the hands of the squaws and children, his hair was pulled until he thought each old hag and papoose would get a separate scalp lock, and it was a relief to him to be at last taken to the guard tepee and thrown in, securely bound hand and foot.

So thoroughly worn out was George after all he had passed through that he went into a sound sleep as soon as he was left to himself, for the stolid, hideous guard outside the tepee left him severely alone.

He was awakened by hearing these words spoken in English:

"Boy, you've got into the hands of the Philistines, I see."

George was slightly bewildered at first, but soon regained his scattered senses, and saw seated on the ground near him a small, wiry-looking Indian, at first glance. Looking close he saw a white face, visible here and there through the war paint.

Determined not to show what he felt, George answered indifferently:

"Yes, the red Philistines have got me, sure."

"You are not a soldier?"

"No."

"What then?"

"A scout."

"Rather young for that."

"I am old enough, and from present prospects as old as ever will be," was the laconic response.

The renegade laughed at the remark, and said:

"You take it cool."

"What's the use of taking it otherwise?"

"That's so; but the reds will make it hot for you."

"I expect that."

"They think of making an example of you."

"That's what the teachers used to do with me," and George laughed at the remembrance of the floggings an old master teacher and a dominie used to give him, and, as they said:

"Make an example of him for the other scholars."

"Well, you are a merry one, sure," said the renegade.

"Where did you come from?"

"Say, Mister Renegade, there are more questions in you than in a catechism."

The man laughed again, and said, in a not unkindly tone:

"Answer me a few questions."

"You are worse than a pump; but go on with your catechising," said George, doggedly.

"Well, where are you from?"

"Texas."

"But before you came here?"

"New York State."

"I thought so, for you have a face to remember, as you mother and two brothers have, for you are a Powell."

"Yes, you do know me—I am Night-Hawk George Powell now ranching in Texas."

"Well, I'm a bad man, gone clean to the dogs, but I never forget a good deed, for your brother Frank saved my life some years ago, and your mother and you boys took care of me at your home for months—"



"You are Burt Sawyer."  
 "Yes, fugitive from justice as I was, you and yours, because  
 was found wounded and starving and taken home by your  
 brother Frank, cared for me, and gave me a chance to escape.  
 "I am now what you see me, a renegade chief; but I will  
 dopt you as my son, and you will help me out in it until you  
 an escape.

"I will take your horse, for I know him, and when you are  
 ready to escape you shall have him.

"Now, do as I say, or the Indians will burn you."  
 This the Indians came very near doing; but the renegade  
 saved George at the last moment of hope.

The Indian boys picked on him, but soon got enough of  
 that, and at last he was let alone and liked.

It was a year before the boy found the slightest chance to  
 escape, and then he took all chances, as he learned that a large  
 force of the Comanches were to shortly attack the fort, swoop  
 through the settlement and escape.

The renegade was to lead them, and to prevent his riding  
 Black Wind George tied a horse gair around one ankle, so as  
 to temporarily lame the animal.

The braves departed in large force by night, and ten min-  
 utes after George slipped away from the village, and on Black  
 Wind, who quickly lost his lameness when the cause was  
 removed.

Like the wind indeed sped the splendid horse, and just at  
 dawn the boy rode up to the fort where he had long been  
 regarded as dead.

As he drew rein Black Wind dropped dead; but the horse  
 and the boy had warned the fort, the Indians met a surprise,  
 were terribly cut up, and Night-Hawk George was given the  
 position as special scout to the colonel.

In his career as scout for years, George made a record for  
 himself, as he did later in New Mexico in the mining country.

Then he became hospital assistant at a fort, and later studied  
 medicine, and he became what his brothers had, a physician,  
 while now he is practicing his profession in a Western State.

But his deeds are told in history.

## A Terrible Initiation.

(By David Courtney, Connecticut.)

About a month ago my mother, fearing for my health,  
 changed our residence to a country place. I went to the only  
 school that was there. Some boys decided to initiate me while  
 I was there. One day I started to a nearby pond on a fishing  
 trip.


When I was on a lonely road I was suddenly seized by sev-  
 eral boys in masks. My hands and feet were securely bound  
 and they put me on a cart and drove me toward the railroad  
 track. Instantly I saw the whole scheme. They would leave  
 me on the track till I was thoroughly frightened and then  
 take me off.

I felt easy, as I knew a train would not come for three hours  
 yet. The boys knowing this, too, went swimming in a pond  
 about a quarter of a mile off, leaving a boy to watch. About  
 fifteen minutes after they were gone, imagine my horror on  
 hearing a distant whistle.

The small boy, whom they had left to guard me, as soon as I  
 told him to cut the ropes that bound me, ran to tell the other  
 boys. As the train kept coming nearer and nearer I shrieked  
 and shouted, but in vain. In a few minutes I saw the boys  
 dashing along the road at a terrific pace. It was a race be-  
 tween steam and human power. The train was but a half mile  
 off, while the boys were an eight or probably less. I never saw  
 boys or train go so fast in my life.

I remember seeing the train about forty feet off and being  
 dragged away, and all was blank before me. We all promised  
 not to tell, but it leaked out, and my mother heard of it.

We moved away from the place, but never forgot it. The  
 train that passed happened to be that of a railroad official who  
 wanted to get to the city quick.

 \$1 worth of Tricks & Make-ups, sent postpaid for 25 cents stamps or  
 silver. A nice Moustache or full Beard, Irish or Side Whiskers, any  
 color, bottle Spirit Gum to stick them on. Box of Burnt Cork to blacken  
 up. Box Blubber Mouth, Moustache, secret & apparatus for performing  
 the great vanishing half-dollar trick. This big offer  
 is to get your address to send my large list, and of  
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 you saw this in and I will also put in a Heavy GOLD plate finger  
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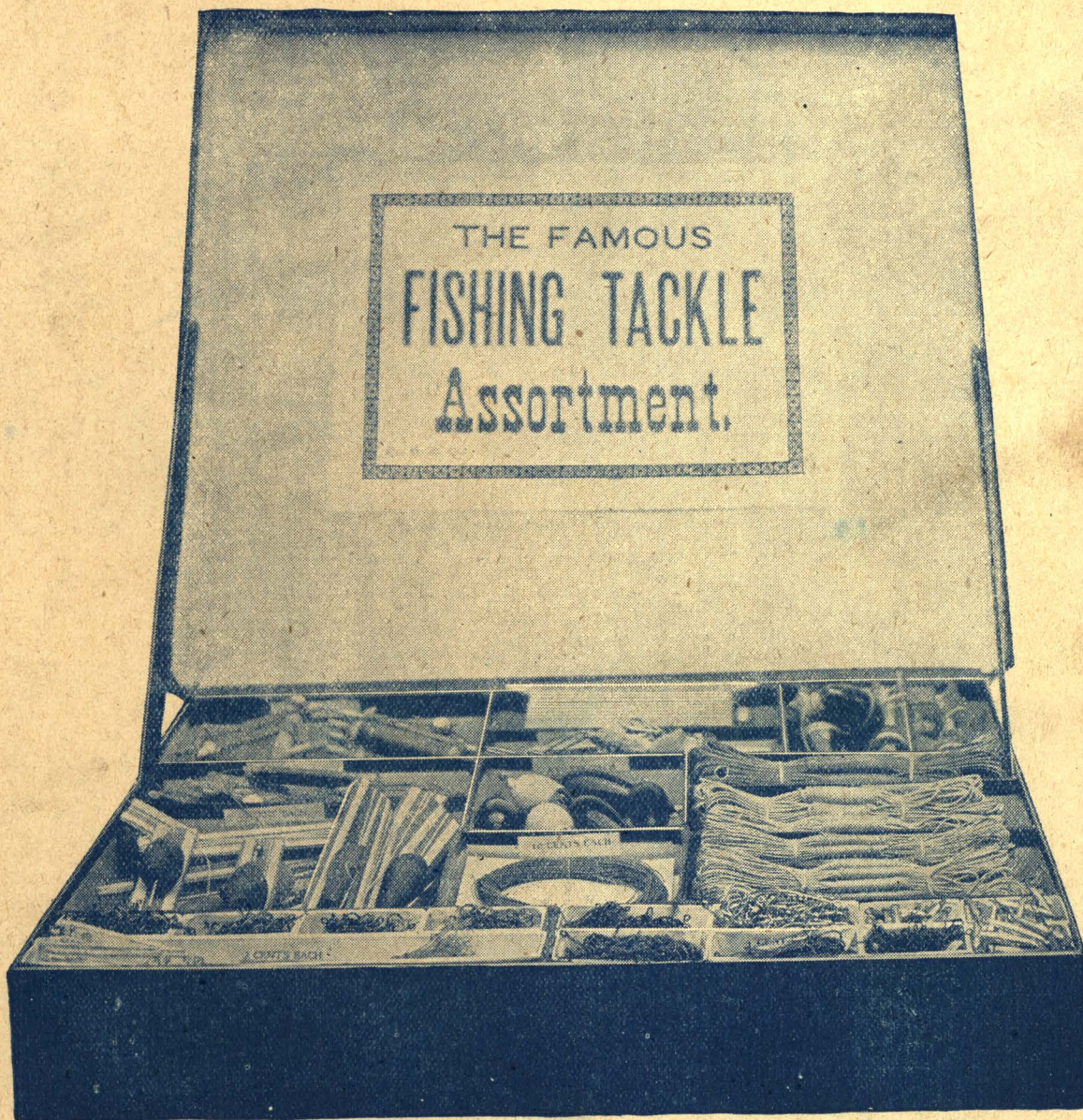


# Seven of these Fishing Outfits Given Away

IN NEW PRIZE CONTEST

FOR FULL PARTICULARS LOOK ON PAGE 26.

Here is a Photograph and Description of one of the Outfits.



## The Famous Fishing Tackle Assortment.

ASSORTMENT CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING:

6 Otsego Lines, waterproof, at 10 cents .....	\$ .60	24 One Cent Furnished Lines .....	\$ .24
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12 Best Braided Cotton Lines, at 5 cents .....	.60	54 Sinkers, at 1 cent .....	.54
3 Ten Cent Furnished Lines .....	.30	200 Hooks, at 1 cent each .....	2.00
8 Five Cent Furnished Lines .....	.40	700 Hooks, 2 for 1 cent .....	3.50
8 Three Cent Furnished Lines .....	.24	100 Hooks, at 2 cents .....	2.00
72 One Cent Lines .....	.72	3 Dozen Snelled Hooks, 2 cents each .....	.72
24 Two Cent Lines .....	.48	6 Trolling Spoons, at 10 cents .....	.60

**SEVEN GIVEN AWAY. See Page 26.**

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